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Embellishment:

THE BRAGGART:

Engraved on Steel by DICK, from a Painting by EDWIN LANDSEER, Esq.

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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS FOUR SHEETS, OR SIXTY-FOUR PAGES.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

WE were greatly in hopes that it would be in our power to give our readers this month a line-engraving of Coronation, the winner of the Derby this year. A plate was ordered by us in England, and we learn that it has been executed and delivered to our London agents; but it has not yet reached New York, although we have delayed our magazine in the hope of receiving it. The illustration which we do give, was ordered as a substitute in case of a disappointment, and so far as our own taste may be allowed to determine, it is a more valuable, because a more *unique* picture. We suppose it will be safe to promise that the lineaments of the Derby "crack" will appear in these pages next month.

Our military friend who has furnished us with the "statistics" of his wolf-hunting sports, will accept our thanks for his communication.

Delta was too late for the "dog days" number, but shall appear next month. Pray go on to the end of the alphabet.

At the moment of writing these lines, a file of London papers has been put into our hands, in which we find the returns of the Liverpool races; they are exceedingly interesting, and shall be fully laid before our readers. Lord Eglinton's Dr. Caius, by Physician, appears to great advantage at this meeting. The Tradesmen's Cup was won by Mr. Allen's 5 yr. old mare Orelia, by St. Nicholas, beating twenty-one others, and among them Charles XII., Cruiskeen, Calypso, and Naworth. Twelve to one were laid against the winner.

Lord George Bentinck's 2 yr. old colt Misdeal, by Camel, won the Mersey and the Stanley Stakes with ease; he is engaged in the Derby and St. Leger of next year. Cruiskeen won the Stand Cup, and Middleham, by Muley Moloch, (belonging to the Duke of Cleveland), won the Liverpool St. Leger; he is engaged in the Doncaster St. Leger. We shall return to these races, which are particularly interesting, as they were run on a course something like an American one, and the time was kept in many of them.

THE BRAGGART.

PAINTED BY EDWIN LANDSEER.

ENGRAVED FOR THE "TURF REGISTER" BY DICK.

WHEN Shakspeare makes one of his knowing characters exclaim, "Lord! Lord! how this world is given to lying!" he probably had no reference to dog-lying. He meant to be severe on man's mendacity, and left that of the canine race to some future moralist's denunciation. Edwin Landseer has done it with truly Shaksperian fidelity in the accompanying exquisite picture.

The scene is near London, on the banks of the Thames, say at Richmond. The time is a fine clear morning, towards the close of autumn. The *dramatis personæ* are a noble, aristocratic-looking, Scotch deer-hound, lying at luxurious ease; a burly, close-knit, muscular, English bull-dog, and a strong, intelligent, sharp-witted setter of Irish breed. The three friends have come out from the city for a morning's stroll, and having reached the cool and breezy heights of Richmond, have thrown themselves down upon the sward, to hold high converse upon grave and weighty matters.

Bran, the recumbent figure in the foreground, with his pendulous ears, his long, shaggy, wiry hair, with a mien so commanding, a body and limbs so compact and muscular, legs so straight and clean, and a tail so long, lithe and agile, is a regular descendant from the old Highland canine nobility, such as the ancient Northern Kings were wont to use in hunting the wolf and the deer, and such as Ossian has described in his *Temora*. There is an easy *nonchalance* in his position, as he lies upon the sunny turf, his head erect, his eye glistening, his ears thrown back, and his supple tail carelessly twirled around him, "as a gentleman carries his cane," which marks him as one of the aristocracy. He is the representative of "the second estate" in the British government, in every lineament of his countenance, and in every line of his frame.

Bran is in the act of relating to that very honest, straight-forward, worthy couple, Irish Teague and English John, who have been listening, first with curiosity, then with wonder, and now with obvious incredulity and indignation, the incidents of his recent journey with my Lord Duke, his master, to the Highlands of Scotland. Emulous of the great fame of his "hairy footed" ancestors, whose high renown was wafted to his ears from every pinnacle of those craggy heights, he would have his listeners believe that he, too, had done such "deeds of high emprise" as should hand his name down to posterity, the true scion of mighty sires.—"And the wolf," says Bran, "was a tremendous creature: tall, gaunt, and hungry: his yells filled all with alarm and apprehension—all but Bran! The lineal descendant of Old Gelert, who slew the wolf that had threatened the life of Prince Llewellyn's heir, and who lost his life at the hands of his lord, who thought he had done the deed, was not born

to fear. No, my friends! There," (placing his fore paw forward upon the grass,) "there lay my young lady, sleeping on the flowery turf: stealthily came up the haggard monster, his eyes glowing with anticipated delight,—his flabby fangs are nearly in contact with her delicate flesh,—already his hot and fetid breath is fanning her sunny hair, when at a bound, I clear the tremendous space between us, and fixing my unyielding teeth in his neck, I lay him level with the earth. A moment more, and his power to harm or to terrify was forever gone. The wretch was dead at my feet, and my darling Kate was saved."

Now it so happens that honest John cannot bear a lie, and Teague, albeit fond of fun, can never stand a quiz; and both, well knowing Bran in his every day life, as a very respectable, gentlemanly dog, well bred to be sure, and of good manners, and general good character withal, but still as little of a hero or a chivalric rescuer of distressed damsels as any of his species within the circle of their acquaintance,—both, I say, are quite unwilling to swallow this tough story without gulping. So indignant is John at this obvious attack upon his credulity, that he can hardly refrain from slapping the composed and unconcerned countenance of the narrator with that uplifted paw; while the expression of his ingenuous face is one of unmitigated indignation and reproof.

But Teague is evidently getting dangerous. "What a d——d lie!" he is *thinking*, and is about to say. What he will do, I dread to think of; but, coolly as the honourable gentleman in the recumbent position would wish to appear to take matters, I think it needs no necromancy to enable one to foretel that there are breakers ahead. He seems to think so himself, and is obviously preparing for a precipitate "slope," should his fears be realized. Poor Bran!

GEMOTICE.

ON THE SKIN OF THE HORSE, ITS FUNCTIONS, AND SOME OF ITS DISEASES.

AN ESSAY READ BY MR. FELIX DELANY,

Before the Veterinary Medical Association of London, March 16, 1841.

THAT Nature intended the skin of the horse for many purposes you are well aware. What these purposes are, and the consequences that result from anything occurring to interfere with them, I shall endeavor to explain; but, in the first place, let me call your attention to its structure.

It is composed of three parts—the *cutis vera*, or true skin—the *rete mucosum*—and the *cuticle*, with its appendages, the hair. The *cutis vera* forms the principal part of the skin; it lies next the body, and is divisible into two layers. The deeper one is called the *corium*, the superficial the *papillary*. It is fibrous in its texture, possesses great strength and elasticity, of which I need not adduce any proof, and the fibres run in all directions, forming a sort of network which gives passage to the hairs, and perspiratory and other ducts, of which I shall presently speak.

It covers the entire surface of the body, and is attached to it by cellular tissue, at some places more firmly than at others, as on the face, legs, &c.; but where it would be likely to interfere with motion we find it loose and highly elastic. Again, it differs in density at different parts of the body, as on the inside of the thighs, the lips, and nostrils. Where it is continuous with the mucous membranes it is much finer, and in the latter places it is not covered by hair.

It is extremely vascular—it was necessary that it should be so, to carry on its functions—and is endowed with great sensibility, more so than the muscular parts it covers, of which all must be aware who have witnessed any operation where it was necessary to divide it, by the greater degree of pain evinced when the knife passed through the cutis than through the flesh. And is there not design in this? I think it may be said to act as the outposts to the sensorium, to inform the animal at once when any foreign agent comes in contact with the body that would be injurious to its well being; and to this great degree of sensibility may be traced that sympathy which is known to exist between the skin and other parts, but more particularly the alimentary canal. How often does it inform us that disease has commenced, which would otherwise have escaped notice, until more alarming symptoms appeared? And do we not judge of a horse's health, in a great measure, by the appearance of his coat?

The rete mucosum is that expansion of tissue spread over the papillary layer of the cutis, and is the connecting medium between it and the cuticle. On it depends the color of the skin.

The cuticle, the outer, insensible, or, as it is called, the inorganic part of the skin, covers the entire surface of the body, and is continuous with the mucous lining membranes. It protects the sensitive parts from the injuries that would result from the contact of external agents, and is pierced by innumerable pores corresponding with those of the cutis for the passage of the hairs and perspiratory and sebaceous ducts. It is best seen after the action of a blister.

The hair is of two kinds—that which covers the body generally, called the coat, and that which forms the mane, tail, &c. The hair of the coat is much the finest, and differs in different breeds. Each hair is said to proceed from a bulb, a small tubular canal placed in the cutis, at the base of which is a soft mass, the pulp, which gives rise to the root and the stem. The color of the hair depends on a secretion of pigment which takes place in the pulp, and the glossy appearance of the coat, when the animal is in health, is owing to an unctuous fluid discharged into the bulb by small glands. The long hairs found about the eyes and nostrils are of a different structure: they arise from the cellular substance under the cutis, and are tubular, and not improperly termed feelers, as they give timely notice of the approach of any foreign body. Arteries and nerves can be traced to them.

Hair is a non-conductor of heat: and here we see a wise provision of nature to preserve the natural temperature of the body.

The coat is shed or cast twice a year when the animal is in a state of nature, which does not regularly occur when he is groomed and stabled. Of the cause of its being shed, I shall say little. It is a law of nature, at the spring and close of the year, to throw off the old coat and assume one better suited to the coming season. During the period of its being shed, the animal requires some additional attention.

The skin is one of the great emunctories of the body: from it is constantly exuding a halitus or vapor that would be injurious to the system, and, if not carried off in this way, should be expelled by some other organ. The perspiratory apparatus consists of a number of glandular bodies placed in the cellular tissue under the cutis, from whence proceed ducts to the surface of the cuticle. They are plentifully supplied with blood, and when this secretion is increased it is called sweat. It is easy to conceive how disease may be generated, should this important function be impeded. The circulation then becomes charged with an injurious principle, which, if not carried off by the kidneys, the chief emunctories of the body, only waits the exciting cause to bring about disease.

There are other secretions taking place on the surface of the skin at particular parts of the body; as at the bend of the knee, hock, and pastern, where a sebaceous fluid is discharged to lubricate the parts, and prevent the action of friction.

The diseases of the skin are numerous, and to attempt an exact classification of them is not my intention. I shall, therefore, only allude to some of the principal ones, with the treatment and remedies I have seen adopted for their extinction; and I would observe, that some of them are justly termed obstinate and inveterate, as when they arrive at that stage they are generally accompanied by so much disarrangement, either local or constitutional, as to render the most judicious treatment often ineffectual.

It is wonderful to observe how quickly the leading process is brought about in cases of simple wounds of the skin, abrasions, &c. Nature requires little assistance here, further than some mild application to sheath the parts and protect them from external irritation. Should the injury be extensive, and attended with much inflammation, of course the treatment would be different, and we should be guided as well by the appearance of the case as by the temperament, constitution of the animal, &c. Where portions of the skin have been removed, the facility with which the adjoining parts stretch to adapt themselves to the loss is wonderful. I have seen cases where the extent of surface denuded was considerable, yet the surrounding edges of the wound gradually approximated themselves, and ultimately closed it, leaving but a slight cicatrix; of course the progress of the granulations was attended to, and not allowed to extend too far. It would appear that the reproduction of skin cannot be perfectly accomplished, which can be testified in all cases where it has been newly formed: we know how it differs from the original, and how much more susceptible of disease it is. To counteract this inability as much as possible, Nature endow'd it with this great power of adaptation; and here I shall speak of

another of the endowments of Nature enjoyed by the horse—the power he possesses of moving his skin at certain parts of the body by the action of a special muscle, the panniculus carnosus, developed at the lateral parts of the body, to which it is loosely attached by cellular substance, and closely applied to the cutis. The precise points from which it acts, or the great use it is to the animal, I need not tell you of; and this leads me to speak of hide-bound, the application of the term you are all acquainted with. I believe it to be, in all instances, a secondary affection, caused either by poverty, and consequently a lack of the necessary nutriment to the parts; or from disarrangement in the alimentary canal, whereby the existing sympathy is excited, which causes it to assume that tight and corrugated appearance; the treatment, therefore, should be to remove the cause.

Surfeit—The name of this disease is almost sufficient to explain its nature: it is owing, in most cases, to plethora, combined, perhaps, with the state of the blood. It makes its appearance in small lumps or pimples on the surface of the skin, and may be said to be congestion, and sometimes inflammation of the small blood-vessels. In those pimples where there has been any deposition under the cuticle it peels off, when the process of resolution takes place, bringing with it a portion of the hair. Alteratives are strongly recommended by some in this disease, and, perhaps, with benefit in some cases; physic, with attention to feeding and exercise, are the remedies I have seen employed with success. It is said sometimes to degenerate into mange, but, as I have never seen an instance of it, I cannot speak to the fact.

Mange, that loathsome disease, so unpleasant to treat in all its stages, and requiring so much caution to prevent contagion, seldom appears where cleanliness and regularity are attended to, except by contagion; and it is astonishing how quickly it supervenes when such is the case, proving, I think, that the virus or exciting cause enters the circulation, and that local remedies will not be sufficient to cure it. Those horses that are badly fed and ill-treated are most subject to it. It is said to be owing to a morbid action of the perspiratory apparatus, whereby the perspiration becomes altered in its character, causing irritation and inflammation of the ducts and the adjoining parts; it is also said to be owing to animalculæ formed under the cuticle: this is very likely, for we know that perspirable matter, if altered in its character or allowed to collect on the surface of the body, will bring to life vermin. There are several kinds of mange described, but I shall only speak of one: it is known by the cuticle coming off in patches, leaving the cutis exposed, from which exudes an unhealthy discharge, and forms a scab. These patches are sometimes confined to particular parts of the body, the head, sides of the neck, &c., but as the disease advances so do they extend: the hair does not come off in all cases.

The specifics, the infallible mange washes, are numerous. I should, in the first instance, direct my attention to the digestive system, which is generally out of order, and next have recourse to

local remedies. I would have the parts washed daily with soap and water, so as to remove the scabs; and then apply some oleaginous stimulating embrocation, such as a mixture of tar and oil. Oil of turpentine is sometimes beneficially added: the great object to be attended to is cleanliness. I would give tartar emetic daily, with an occasional tonic, until some amendment shewed itself. I think the various caustic applications recommended are too severe, and often do more harm than good. When the parts assume a healthy character, simple dressings of oil will suffice. I have known tobacco-water to succeed when the case was not severe: of course, there are obstinate cases that require other remedies, as well as time, patience, and judgment, to combat them.

Cracked heels—I mentioned that the bend of the pasterns was lubricated by a secretion from particular glands: this secretion often becomes checked, and the parts crack and inflame from friction. Oleaginous dressings with alterative medicine will often be sufficient. This secretion more frequently becomes increased and altered in its character, and constitutes what is termed grease, producing often great inflammation. The exciting causes are numerous: a sudden change of temperature combined with local or constitutional predisposition will produce it. It is often the result of and often causes swelled legs. Some horses are more subject to it than others, and those with white legs and pasterns are said to be of this class. This we know, that it is more difficult to cure in them, owing to the radiation of heat from the white surface not being equal to that of a dark one, thereby keeping up the irritation.

Treatment.—When there is simply an increase of the discharge, poultices to cleanse the parts, and reduce any inflammation existing, should be had recourse to, afterward dressing with alum ointment, or some other astringent; a diuretic may be given with benefit. The discharge often becomes fœtid, requiring active antiseptics. Poultices combined with charcoal are beneficial, and should be continued till the inflammation has subsided, taking care to stop any unhealthy granulations that may appear by the application of some caustic. Purgative medicine, with an occasional diuretic, should be administered. When the inflammation is reduced, mild caustics should be applied, such as sulphate of copper, to bring about a healthy action in the parts. The unhealthy granulations sometimes extend, and assume that appearance termed grapes: it then ranks among the inveterates, and the remedies must be according to circumstances.

Gentlemen, I have done. There are many other diseases that I have not alluded to; but have I done justice to those I have introduced? That will be for you to decide. You will not have forgotten my statement at the commencement, that my object was to renew the subject in your minds: if I have done so, and that I am entitled to any consideration on that account, I respectfully claim your opinion and kind consideration.

London "Veterinarian" for July

ON BREEDING FOR THE TURF AND FOR THE CHASE.

[Continued from our last Number, page 356.]

FOOD.

THE effects of food have been the subject of consideration in preceding chapters, but more especially as being the production of peculiar soils, and the consequences which follow as far as the degeneration or improvement of the species which are supplied with it. The condition of the animal now becomes a matter of importance, and therefore it appears necessary to offer some remarks on the great agent of its accomplishment.

When a horse is actually in training, it is customary to confine his diet entirely to hay and oats, with the addition of beans for those which have attained a certain age, and such as are of a weak delicate constitution; some trainers, however, never use them at all, and I am not prepared to pronounce them as positively requisite under any circumstance. I look upon them more as an auxiliary as to quantity than quality in the daily measure of the horse's corn, and that any benefit which their use may promote may be considered in the light of change of nutriment. It is very evident that all animals thrive best when there is an opportunity of varying their food, the quality of which must always be accounted of the highest importance. It is the worst economy in the world, for the sake of endeavoring to save a few shillings in the price of a ton of hay, to purchase that which is of an inferior description: no race-horse or hunter ought to consume more than one ton and a half in the course of twelve months; and the difference in the price of the very best, and that which is of a middling description, will be more than compensated by the animal's superior condition. To argue that this class of horses has such a limited quantity, and that it is not the principal food upon which they are sustained, is very erroneous: the effects of the two qualities will be very visibly distinguished in their appearance. Many trainers, and even hunting-grooms, dislike clover-hay; but at times I am quite satisfied of the propriety of using it; the properties which it possesses are more nutritious and feeding than old meadow hay: it may therefore be given with advantage to horses when light of flesh, and probably a little delicate in their appetites. It may not be eligible during a horse's last preparation for a race; but that is not the stage at which we have as yet arrived. Sainfoin-hay is another description of fodder which may be called in aid under similar circumstances; but there are many parts of England where it is not to be obtained: whether it will not flourish in those counties in which it is not usually grown or not I am not able to assert; but I strongly recommend a trial on dry sound land. The thin light soils on a substratum of chalk in the Southern and Western Counties produce it in great abundance; and I think it would succeed well

on light loams inclining to sand, which are to be found, more or less, in all the Midland Districts. The hay which grows on luxuriant meadows on the banks of rivers, although exceedingly good for feeding cattle, is not to be chosen for horses—at all events when they are at work. Nice sweet upland hay most decidedly bears the preference, and I apprehend the reason may be easily explained. Low meadow land, which has been in turf for a long succession of years, produces to a great extent those grasses which are indigenous to the soil, and which do not prove to be of the best quality for the purpose required; but upland meadows which have been thoroughly cleaned and highly cultivated, produce those grasses which are sown upon them, and, by the art of agriculture, are promoted in their growth: as a matter of course a selection is made of those which are found to be most useful.

The choice of oats is not of less importance than that of hay; and although a large bulk is grown in Ireland, they do not appear eligible when imported to this country. One circumstance may probably account for this fact; they are thrown into a great bulk after being threshed, in which state they become heated, and they pass through the hands of several dealers before they are consumed; consequently they are not so recently threshed as those which may be procured in the neighborhood from the farmers who grow them. They should be eaten soon after they are taken out of the rick, in which state, if they have been well harvested, which as a matter of course is very essential, they are sweet and fresh.

During the summer, the occasional use of a moderate quantity of green food (as previously recommended) mixed with hay, seems to have an excellent effect upon all horses during a temporary respite from their labors, and which at certain periods may surely be allowed to most. Those periods may possibly be brief, but, if only of a fortnight's duration, the good effects of such relief are certain to manifest themselves. At the age, however, which we have now under consideration, there can be no motive for withholding it; a two-year-old colt cannot endure constant work and stimulating food without such relaxation; consequently, if he is subjected to it, evil consequences will most assuredly result from it.

SHOEING.

As a matter of course this operation must be performed before that of breaking commences—at all events before the colt is backed: and if the directions which I have given of accustoming the foal at an early age to having its feet taken up, and occasionally of having them pared, there will be no difficulty in applying the shoes at any time when they may be required. Let it be done, however, when it may, great care should be taken not to hurt or alarm the animal: and if those means have been neglected which are calculated to render him tractable, they should be resorted to and patiently persevered in before the blacksmith makes his appearance.

The art of shoeing would form a volume in itself: indeed, it is one which has been very closely treated on by numerous writers on the subject, much more ably than I could presume to flatter myself

I could handle it; but one hint may not be displaced—namely, the impropriety of putting shoes that are too heavy on colts when they are first shod: they should be formed so as to fit particularly easy on the foot; and although a fore-shoe too short at the heels is objectionable, it is worse if too long, because in lounging, and other operations which the animal is required to perform, there is great risk of the shoe being torn off by the overstepping of the hind foot.

ON BREEDING AND REARING HUNTERS AND HACKS.

To confine the preceding observations merely to the treatment of thorough-bred stock intended solely for the purpose of racing, would divest them greatly of their interest and their utility. I shall, therefore, bring them to a conclusion, with some hints that may be serviceable to those whose intentions may not be to aspire to the higher honors of racing notoriety—merely adding, for whatever purposes the horse may be required the same circumstances will operate upon one description as the other.

As the management of such horses as I am now about to consider will be most interesting to agriculturists, I will endeavor to compare the most essential points compatible with their general engagements, and such as have been already noticed as important in the arrangements of a thorough-bred stud; and although the strict observance of every rule laid down as necessary to produce the greatest perfection in race-horses may not be called for in rearing hunters, the more the minutiae of the preceding details are attended to the better it will be for the stock.

There are few farm-buildings that have not some conveniences, however limited, calculated to afford shelter for mares and foals when necessary, and for the accommodation of the latter after weaning time—indeed such buildings can scarcely be dispensed with: but if there should not be any adapted for this purpose, and no portion of the buildings that can easily be converted to such a purpose, a hovel may be constructed in a croft or paddock contiguous to the house at a trifling expense; and this is indeed a greater convenience than a similar accommodation at the farm-yard, because it is always ready to receive the stock during inclement weather, and at night, without the time and trouble of a servant to lead them backwards and forwards.

In selecting such mares as are likely to produce valuable hunters, saddle-horses, and carriage-horses, those possessing hereditary infirmities should be most scrupulously rejected. Few persons will desire to breed merely hacks, because the price at which they can generally be sold will not offer a sufficient premium; but such as do not acquire proportionate power and size—and many such will be produced—will come into the market under that denomination.

In all probability it will not be the intention of a farmer to keep more than two or three mares: he ought, therefore, to be very scrupulous in his choice, and always bear in mind the importance of symmetry, and especially the neatness of the head; because, as his object will be to sell, he must remember that good-looking

horses are more marketable than plain ones, even though the latter prove never so good, and the nearer they are to full blood, providing they acquire size and power, the more valuable they will be.

For whatever purpose the produce may be intended, it should be a *sine qua non* that the sire should be thorough-bred. I consider a coarse, mongrel, half-bred stallion, the most dreadful poison to equine blood that can be offered. Even if only carriage-horses be required, they will be more perfect and valuable if bred from large roomy mares and full-sized thorough-bred stallions, than by admitting a coarse sort of horse to a less powerful mare. It must be remembered that the size of the produce will be greatly enhanced by good keep when young.

On reading some of the preceding chapters, perhaps a farmer will exclaim, "Am I to shelter my foals and young horses in bad weather and at night? Am I to fondle with them when young in order to make them familiar? Am I to commence having their feet pared out even before they are weaned, and to continue that practice till they are shod?" To all these queries I answer "Yes." As regards the first, if you desire to rear them healthy, vigorous, and to a good and powerful size, it is imperative: on the second, suppose an accident to happen to a yearling, and he is, from want of such management, as wild as a hawk, you will very probably lose him, because you cannot apply proper remedies: touching the third, let the horse be of whatever class he may, his feet are of the utmost importance, whilst the time occupied and the trouble occasioned will be fully repaid.

Again: "Am I to have him broken before he is two years old?" "Certainly not: wait till he is three, during which period keep him well, then break him, and ride him about your farm or on short journeys."

"Am I to give him corn all this time?" "Yes, with the exception of the summer months, when there is plenty of green food, to be mown and mixed with a little hay, and given him in a shed or yard, where he can seek shelter from extreme heat or wet weather. In the winter let him have carrots, or, if you do not grow them, Swede turnips."

No man should presume to breed horses if his means or his disposition prompt him to penurious economy. The principal endeavor will be to rear the most perfect and consequently most valuable animals, and that cannot be done if parsimony interfere with those matters which are indispensable.

It too frequently happens, when farmers are in possession of very promising mares, that they will put them to any weedy, ill-bred, badly-shaped brute of a stallion, travelling through the country. The services of such animals may be acquired for a trifle, and thus, by saving two or three sovereigns in the first instance, foals are bred that can never by any possibility pay for a twelvemonth's keep.

The choice of stallions for the purpose which farmers require them, demands as much attention as for that of breeding racing stock—not that the most valuable stallion to get race-horses must of

necessity be the best stallion to get hunters and saddle-horses ; but he should be sound, free from hereditary blemishes, and have good action.

One hint more appears to be necessary respecting the process of breaking. It is too much the custom to hurry colts through their tuition : a man is generally employed to perform this office for a stipulated sum ; consequently his object is to get it over as quickly as he can, and many essential performances are neglected, one of which, teaching them to leap small fences before they are backed, ought never to be forgotten. If more pains were taken in the breaking of colts, and in riding them afterwards, higher prices would be commonly obtained, especially from London dealers, who are compelled in many instances to re-break horses after they have purchased them, and indeed on many occasions have to reclaim them from bad habits—a still more difficult and tedious operation. It is therefore of great consequence to employ a man who is qualified for the undertaking, which requires great patience ; and as there are so many little refractory and perverse tricks played by young horses, that a man's temper is subject to frequent causes of irritation, Shakspeare's observation is extremely applicable—

“ Give me the man who is not passion's slave.”

REGULARITY

in every department must be strictly enforced, as, without it, nothing will go on well. No animals thrive unless they are fed at stated times ; and when once the necessity for doing so be overlooked, it is not improbable that they are neglected altogether. By a strict conformity to certain rules, which should be properly considered and arranged, much time and labor is saved ; besides which, a master knows when certain operations ought to have been performed, and, by visiting particular departments at stated times, can easily detect any neglect which might otherwise pass unheeded. In large establishments a sort of diary or journal should be kept of every day's occurrences, as it will not only encourage punctuality, but serve as a reference when any unusual circumstances happen, and may be a guide to avoid mismanagement or danger on a similar recurrence. It should also contain the time of mares coming to the stud, the dates when they are put to the horse, any remarkable appearances which they may exhibit whilst in foal, and all characteristic peculiarities which any mare may possess.

CONCLUSION.

Of the foregoing hints it may be necessary to observe that they were commenced with a view of confining them solely to the treatment of thorough-bred stock ; but as there is a numerous class of readers who might be more interested in the management of horses destined for the Chase, and as the principal objects for consideration ought to be nearly similar in either department, I deemed it might be more acceptable in its present form. No one can doubt the propriety of selecting suitable land to rear either upon, or of the necessity of precautions against accidents. The selection of

mares, choice of stallions, symmetry, hereditary defects, degeneration of horses, treatment of stallions and of mares, produce the same effects in every kind of horse: the same treatment is necessary at weaning time, and of mares and their foals after that period; the handling of foals, care of their feet, the injuries which they are subject to from worms, the strangles, the manner of administering balls, breaking, and docking, are as essential in the rearing of a young hunter as of a young race-horse; neither of which can be brought up without considerable expense, and to either of which neglect and carelessness may very possibly be followed by irreparable consequences.

After the expenses have been incurred of sending a mare to the horse, her keep for twelve months, and that of her produce for the succeeding four years—which indeed is earlier than he can be expected to come into the market as a hunter—should any neglect or mismanagement, from want of experience during any of the stages up to this period, diminish the value of the animal, the owner will naturally reproach himself for not having paid greater attention to the subject.

To such as have not had opportunities of gaining information on such matters, these hints may be of some service; and although to the more experienced I cannot flatter myself that they will be equally valuable, nevertheless they may remind them in some instances of little occurrences that are not unfrequently forgotten. In every department of the animal creation, so many unforeseen events take place which human foresight can never anticipate, that it would be the utmost presumption to declare that any one rule over which Dame Nature presides should be pronounced invariable. To declare that a bay horse and a bay mare *will* produce a bay foal would be the greatest absurdity, although in all probability they would; neither can man, by any possibility, pronounce what the size and proportions of the produce may be as compared with those relative points in the parents; still good judges may draw some conclusions, which, upon a general principle, will be more frequently right than wrong.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for June, 1841.

“MEDOC AND HIS GET.”

“A LOOKER ON IN VIENNA” IN REPLY TO “GAMMA.”

“THE Duke of Vincentio”—if, for the nonce, a plain Republican may be allowed to reverse positions and assume that lofty title—chancing to have had his residence in “the ancient Dominion,” where “my business in this State

“Made me a looker on here in Vienna,”

“I have seen” enough “to know a hawk from a hand-saw”

on Turf matters, sends "love and greeting" to the noble sons of Cadmus.

—————"We shall write to you
As time and our concerns shall importune,
How it goes with us, * * * * So fare you well."

"Give me your hand," Gamma, for "a backwoods shake." I accept it on the same ground that it has been so cordially proffered. My philosophy does not make me insensible to the unmerited compliment that "tickles my vanity exceedingly." I am, however, as I stated myself to be, "a plain matter of *fact* man," and can readily prove all that I advance. But Gamma's servid imagination leads him unintentionally astray, and seems to glow with more than usual intensity in the discussion of the cause he has so disinterestedly espoused. (Like a true race-horse he keeps to the track.) It having induced him to hope for the Duke's conversion to his opinion, leads him again into the question.

"Mais revenons à nos moutons," as they say in France. We'll not be so sheepish, however, but mount at once our noble Pegasus, Medoc.

I will take up the subject in the order as presented by Gamma.

There is surely "no exceeding greenness in the affairs of the Turf to conclude that when Bee's-wing beat Grey Medoc in that heat of 7:38, that a few inches between them gave him also a title to the time." In that way Am. Eclipse gained his *eclat* by running a good second to Henry in 7:37. Apropos, as to that celebrated race. I religiously believe it ought to have been won by Henry; and that it was lost by mismanagement, owing to the unexpected absence of our Turf Napoleon. There was no heir to his sceptre. I likewise believe the second heat, in 7:49, was not gained by Purdy's wonderful riding, though a Buckle nor a Chifney could not have rode Eclipse better. It should be remembered that every mile of it was slower than either of those in the first heat, and that the second heat was *twelve* seconds slower than the first! In Turf parlance, Henry "came to" Eclipse, on entering upon their eighth mile, when the latter for the first time obtained the lead. By being run ahead, "on his mettle," his *eight pounds extra*, compared with the Jockey Club weight for four-year-olds in Virginia, "told" in the last mile of each heat, as predicted by the veteran, Wynn. If Henry had trailed Eclipse, both heats, I have no doubt (but doctors may differ) he would have won them and the match, without any seeming difficulty; or had he trailed Eclipse the first heat, and been taken aside, as Eclipse was, between the heats, it seems to me he might have won the second heat, as he did the first, notwithstanding all the flagellation Purdy could inflict. An overweening confidence defeated Henry, as it lost the Chesapeake, especially on the fall of her commander, the gallant Lawrence. Henry was expected to distance Eclipse the first heat! The second mile of it is said to have been run in 1:47. But Eclipse's *forte* was speed. Is not that the characteristic of his stock? The backers of Eclipse were too sagacious to renew a match with Henry. As they were run, no handicappers could have put horses

on a nearer equality. Only the fortnight preceding the match, after beating Betsey Richards at Newmarket, carrying 100lb., in 7:54—7:58, a close race, Henry had been introduced into Col. Johnson's stable. He has never been regarded as superior to several others of the get of Sir Archy, that for years, almost annually had appeared on the Turf. The best judges have ever esteemed Timoleon, Sir Charles, Virginian, Reality, and perhaps some others, as in every way better race horses than Henry. However, both he and Eclipse have proven themselves to be first rate race horses—7:37 and 7:49, with their weights, establishes this fact, beyond contradiction. Until then, Eclipse had won but a few races, one or two annually, for three or four years, having only met a few second rate nags, and Lady Lightfoot and Sir Charles, after they had been "used up." However, Eclipse won "the great match," \$20,000 a side, that excited more general interest than any race run in America, at *nine* years old, carrying 126lb., after having covered two seasons, but not the one preceding the match. These facts, as connected with our Turf History, seem to me worthy of recollection.

Gamma, referring to some of the best four milers that emblazon the English annals, enquires, "talking right to Duke Vincentio,"—"Why was not Medoc to be compared with those great names?" * * And was either Marske or Rockingham, *et cetera*, anything more?" Let their biography answer. *Marske*, with a high Oriental pedigree, "one of the most ancient, running to the reign of Charles I.," was equal, if not superior, to almost every horse of his time. Owing to Eclipse's celebrity he sold for one thousand guineas, and in 1778 covered at *one hundred guineas, near five hundred dollars a mare!* In twenty years he got *one hundred and fifty-four winners, Eclipse, Shark, &c. &c.* Eclipse, "the unrivalled race horse of his and perhaps any day—the only one thought equal, if not superior, to Flying Childers" * * * "in two years won eighteen prizes; was never beat nor paid forfeit, *and could have distanced every competitor.*" Has such been the case, even in Kentucky, with regard to Medoc's get? "With *the customary deduction for weight*, his time would have been twenty-one seconds better than that of Childers, reducing it" [on the Round Course] "to 6:27!" Upwards of twenty-five thousand guineas was the price asked for him. "Within twenty-three years *three hundred and forty-four winners—his progeny—*produced for their owners upwards of *one hundred and fifty-eight thousand pounds sterling!* His sons, King Fergus, Pot-8-o's (sire to American Eclipse's maternal grandam), Mercury, Volunteer, Dungannon, Saltram, and Meteor, were respectively at the head of the Turf; besides which, Firetail, Soldier, Pegasus, Vertumnus, &c., were of high renown. *Shark*, another extraordinary horse, won upwards of twenty thousand guineas" * * * was equally good for speed and stoutness, beating the best of his contemporaries at *their own play.*" He was sire to Col. W. Washington's Shark, Col. Tayloe's Virago and Black Maria (Lady Lightfoot's dam), and to the dams of Maid of the Oaks (Medoc's maternal grandam), Florizel, and Topgallant;

and to the grandam of Virginian—all at the head of the Turf. As to the Prince of Wales's *Rockingham*, by *Highflyer*, out of *Purity* by *Matchem* (no misnomer, as there can be no better blood), he "was the *best* race horse succeeding *Dungannon*; he won thirty-two races in five years, beating *Sergeant*, *Clayhall*, *Delpini*, *Marplot*, *Oberon*, *Soldier*, *Ulysses*, *Drone*, *Collector*, *Skylark*, *Chaunter*, *Musti*, *Scota*," &c.—horses of the first celebrity in their day, the times of old fashioned four mile heats. *Rockingham* was sire to *Patriot*, *Bennington*, &c., and especially to *Castianira*, the dam of *Sir Archy*—our American *Highflyer*—whose blood in *these* days, like the *Godolphin Arabian's*, is to be found in nearly every American bred race horse of any fame, including *Mingo* (the best of the get of *Eclipse*), *Shark*, *Grey Eagle*, *Grey Medoc*, *Altorf*, *Job*, *Texas*, *Luda*, &c. To travesty *Vestris*, "France had but one *Napoleon*," America but one *Sir Archy*. *Marske* and *Rockingham* had more racing fame than *Medoc*, and his descendants have yet to acquire much more celebrity to rival theirs. I put it to *Gamma's* candor, "are" not "*Marske* and *Rockingham*, *et cetera*, anything more than *Medoc*?" His public running was not particularly distinguished: he won but one race of four mile heats, and that not in good time, the course being heavy; and when he beat *Ironette* a third heat in 5:47 (*Texas* did the same on the *Washington Course*, after a severe heat with *Sam Houston* and *Job*), he had been reserved the first and second heats, that had been contested by *Ironette* and *Celeste*. That *Medoc* was a horse of extraordinary speed, and a capital race horse, there can be no doubt. His renown, figure, and blood, justified the liberal price (\$10,000) paid for him, that would, perhaps, have commanded almost *any* horse in the country. His near connexions were greatly distinguished—his sire *American Eclipse*, dam by *Imported Expedition*, out of the famed *Maid of the Oaks*. She was one of the best race nags of our country, having handily beat *Oscar*, *Topgallant*, *Floretta*, *Paragon*, &c., at four mile heats. It was not thought prudent to risk the reputation of *Florizel* or *Post Boy* against her. She was the general favorite: and once when winning, a young belle, in her zeal, waved her handkerchief, exclaiming—"the *Maid* will take it—the *Maid* will take it!" "If she don't, she is the first maid * * * *" was drily responded by a bystander; and she did take it, and in due season *Medoc* became her grandson.

About our old father "*Adam*," and "*Henry Clay*," *Gamma* and myself cannot differ. There is no testimony to prove the former to have been "so great a man, or as useful a public character," as our great patriot and orator. The one was first in *Eden*, and the other is first in the *United States*. I will most heartily unite with *Gamma* to "place him" (not to elevate him) in the highest station in the *Western Hemisphere*, to which his great statesmanlike talents and invaluable "public" services so eminently entitle him. Like *Boston* he has "trained on," and does not rely for reputation on one or two, but many brilliant achievements. He is greatly "ahead" of all cotemporaries.

The Duke has been entirely misapprehended; no sarcasm was

intended by the remark that "Medoc was the most successful stallion in *Kentucky*." Diomed, Sir Archy, Sir Charles, and Leviathan have never been there; but with the great public spirit latterly exhibited by her countenance of the importation of fine horses, it is but fair to conclude the time is not far distant when she will be as distinguished for her four milers, as she is now for the speed of her Medocs, and for her great men. But, at present, is not speed, rather than bottom, characteristic of Kentucky horses?

Says Gamma, "We'll challenge Job and Boston with Black-nose and Luda." It is responded, but not "by authority," "Come on, McDuff!"

From the confidence reposed in Boston's unmatched powers there can be no doubt, if he be right, that his spirited owner would give a handsome premium to match him not only against all the Medocs in creation, but against the best horse in the world, Hark-away or Coronation included, if brought to Newmarket or Fairfield to run against him, four mile heats, for any amount that can be named.

"Why should Medoc be too poor to name in the same day with Highflyer or Rockingham, Florizel or Sir Archy?" For the same cause that one would not exactly compare a county court orator with Demosthenes or Cicero, Henry Clay or Daniel Webster.

"Doubts hang on the Eclipse, Childers, and Firetail stories, from lapse of time, the English disregard of watches, and miles, &c." All this is true. But by the timing of intelligent Americans in England, it appears that *latterly* races have been run faster, with heavy weights too, at Liverpool and Doncaster, than on any of our American courses. May not this be ascribed to the superiority of their turf, and that our round courses are detrimental to speed?

"Maria Duke, Minstrel, Bendigo, Black-nose, and Red Bill," according to Gamma, have won mile heats in 1:48; Sthreshley, Cub, Grey Medoc, and Vertner, two mile heats, in 3:43—3:45, 3:45—3:44, 3:45—3:48, 3:46—3:48; Ripple, 5:55—5:47—5:44—5:52, "the best three mile race in America;" Luda, 5:49; in four mile heats, Grey Medoc, 7:38, and 7:35—8:19—7:42—8:17; Mary Morris, 7:49—7:54; to which might have been added Luda's "good second" to Sarah Bladen, 7:45—7:40. "Tolerably well for four mile heats," certainly; notwithstanding the excellence of the course and the light weights, it remaining uncontradicted that "Grey Medoc had an advantage of near a year and eight pounds to Henry," equal to twenty pounds! "*With the customary deduction for weight,*" Grey Medoc and Altorf, in four miles, would have been beat by Henry upwards of a quarter of a mile! With their light weights, it is not questioned that Grey Medoc's and Altorf's dead heat was "the fastest four mile heat ever run in America," and Grey Medoc's "the fastest third heat ever run;" but it is a mistake as to "the fastest fourth heat." Ariel and Trumpator, on the *slow* Newmarket Course, ran their third and fourth heats in 7:57—8:04: in the aggregate differing only four seconds, with Virginia weights too, from Grey Medoc's third and fourth heats. "And well nigh the fastest four heats ever thought of!" Although

it beat, except the difference of weight being omitted, Eclipse and Henry's three heats (with his fourth against their third) *twenty-six seconds*! yet Sir Archy's four descendants, Lady Clifden, Fanny Wyatt, Picton, and Mingo, a close race between all of them, in their three heats, with *Northern* weights, beat Eclipse and Henry's three heats *thirty-six seconds*! and they beat either of Grey Medoc's three heats, notwithstanding the difference of weight and age in his favor, *ten seconds*!

The state of the course and weather, closeness of competition, and the weight carried, besides the powers of the horses, have no doubt great influence on the time. For example, at the same meeting when Grey Medoc won "the best race run in America," Sarah Bladen, without persuasion, beat Luda in 7:45—7:40 (having twice beaten Grey Medoc in four mile heats). Thornhill ran a quarter of a mile in twenty-six seconds; Buck-Eye a second and third heat of two miles in 3:40—3:47; John R. Grymes a *second* heat of three miles in 5:40, &c. The next week, at the Metarie, only a few miles distant, Luda lost the first heat in 8:34, and won the others in 8:45—9:16; John R. Grymes won three mile heats in 6:29—6:30, beating Luda; Buck-Eye was beat in 4:10—4:07, and Bendigo and Vertner ran mile heats in 1:58, having the preceding week won each a heat in 1:48. The Spring of 1840 Reliance won a three mile heat in 5:41, and ran the victor to the head, the *fourth* heat, in 5:52; which seems to me to bear some comparison to "the best race of three mile heats ever run in America." Yet in his races with Boston, Reliance was unable to make him "straighten himself." The past Spring several of the three-year-old get of Priam, and others, have run the mile in 1:48: and in Kentucky a descendant of Sir Archy, but *not* of Medoc, in 1:46, the fastest time in this country—once made in New York by another of Sir Archy's descendants, Robin Hood. Near Washington City, where 3:50 and 5:50, from the days of Post Boy, Consul, Oscar, Maid of the Oaks, Duroc, &c., down to those of Eclipse, Sir Charles, Lady Lightfoot, &c., were regarded as fast, at the *last* meeting a *third* heat of two miles was run by an English-bred colt in 3:43; and a second heat of three miles in 5:44, won by Astor, a horse scarce known to fame, that had been beat in three mile heats the preceding week, by Reliance. This improved speed must be ascribed to the improvement of the course, not of the "wonderful high-bred cattle."

The sons of Medoc are undoubtedly very fast. But the best two mile heat—in the country and the days, too, of the Medocs—was not won by his get, but by a son of Woodpecker (Grey Eagle), that, with another descendant of Sir Archy, ran, near Louisville, the fastest race of four miles that has been run in Kentucky. But then I believe Wagner and Grey Eagle carried four pounds less than the weight of the Union Course, the theatre of Henry's, Eclipse's, Lady Clifden's, and Boston's brilliant achievements—Wagner and Grey Eagle's second heats of 7:43 and 7:44, were following 7:51 and 7:48; *not* Henry's 7:37—a pace to kill. Lady Clifden's 7:43, with New York weights, was after a heat run in 7:44.

So much for "the best four mile race run in America." Further comment by me is unnecessary.

Referring to Boston—"the great Boston"—Gamma adds, "even he would prefer that his friend from Vienna should cypher him into the thirties." This can and has been done, with Northern weights, and 126lb., too, about as clearly demonstrated as that $2+2=4$; even *anterior to the extraordinary achievement of Grey Medoc*, which is so regarded by me. Coming down to a mere canter, after all competition had ceased, in the fourth mile, and closing the heat in 7:40, clearly proves to my mind that Boston could then have readily run the four miles in 7:35, or even less time, had he been "called on." At that period "three miles in 5:36" was "unprecedented." Wagner and Grey Eagle's great race was run subsequently.

Gamma frankly admits his "mistake as to Red Bill having run the *fastest* first and second heats. Argyle's and Wonder's (5:47½—5:40) are at least half a second better in positive time, and with a much greater difference, considering the order of the heats." Now this is generous. But are not Argyle and Wonder entitled to *something* more, on account of the difference of weight? But I cannot agree with him that "the get of Medoc have done better" (nor as well) "than any colt of Timoleon." His son Boston, "the best horse of American History," whose "combination of speed, power, bottom, endurance, and constitution, is perfectly wonderful," when in good condition (he has not always run so), has always run his third and fourth miles in a style of *matchless* power, defying competition; and this over and over again, "every where from New York to Georgia," and has won more Jockey Club Purses of three and four mile heats than *any two horses ever did*, never having lost one," beating, by dozens, nearly as good race horses as we have ever had. Look at them. *Lady Clifden*, that won, with full weight, the best race of four mile heats on record; "the" previously unvanquished and deemed invincible *Queen*; *Omega*, a winner of the *fastest* heat (7:38) near Washington, D. C., and of the *fastest second heat* (7:45) on the Lafayette Course, near Augusta, Ga.; (John Bascombe acquired his celebrity in beating Argyle, a single heat there, in 7:44); *Balie Peyton* and *Duane*, that, by seven seconds, ran the *fastest* four mile heat (7:42) on the Central Course, Md.; (*Balie* has run two miles at Fairfield, the *fastest* time there (3:45), and a second three mile heat at Kendall's in 5:44); *Decatur*, that distanced Fanny Wyatt in 7:45; *Andrewetta*, that distanced a fine field in 7:46, and won the *fastest* four mile heat (7:50—four seconds less than Henry's and Betsey Richards' heat) at Newmarket—the *best* time on *either* course; at Trenton, with Northern weight, she won a second heat of three miles, beating *Bandit* (not Treasurer) in 5:42; *Bandit* and *Vashli*, that won the *fastest* heats of four miles at Kendall's—*second* heats, too, in 7:46; *Gano*, that beat *Omega* the *fastest* four mile heats, on the Lafayette Course! except *Omega's*, when she beat Santa Anna in the fastest time, 7:48—7:49; *Texas*, that ran a good second heat of three miles to Boston, in the *fastest* time at Fairfield (5:46), and afterwards won near Washington, from Job and Sam Houston, a *third* heat in 5:47; besides Re-

liance, winner of the *best* race of two mile heats, and of three miles in 5:41, and other capital horses, "at their play," Santa Anna, Cippus, Camssidel, Tom Walker, Bayard, &c. &c. &c. Gamma has fallen into two mistakes that may as well be here corrected. In his race with Andrewetta, the first in the campaign, he being rather "high," Boston got a bad start, and ran unkindly, the first heat, the *fastest* ever run at Newmarket; but the second mile of the next heat, when he took the lead, was the *fastest* in the whole race; after which there was no competition between *them*. His race with Duane, that had rested for him, was at the *close* of the campaign; and Boston may have been sore, as has been represented. He did not run kindly, and could scarce be forced from the stand the third heat. The other two (7:52—7:54) are believed to be the fastest that have been run on the Beacon Course. Boston has won "in the forties" some half a dozen times or more. Like his illustrious ancestor, Shark, Boston was "too fast for the speedy, and too strong for the stout." No horse in America has won as many races or as much money. He seems to have inherited the invincible speed of his maternal grandsire, Florizel, with the unconquerable bottom of his other grandsire, Sir Archy; the best sons of Diomed, certainly the most successful stallion ever imported into the United States. Omega's several achievements, and Sally Walker's brilliant contests, at three and four mile heats, with Mons. Tonson, Ariel, Janet, &c., I am inclined to think entitle them to more racing reputation than *any* of Medoc's get; and do not the races of Andrewetta and Balie Peyton shed as much (if not more) fame on their sire, Andrew, as those of *any two* of the progeny of Medoc?

"Does he [Boston] not inherit *all* these characteristics from his grandsire, Florizel? Their racing history is much alike." The enquiry has been negatively answered. Their racing history differs in this—that although Florizel was never put to his speed, and could, perhaps, have distanced all his competitors, he ran against such famed horses as had been "used up." Like American Eclipse, he ran but few races; and has been *also* regarded as "a fortunate horse, well placed." That cannot be said of Boston. In "many a well-fought field," he has won his hard-earned honors from *champions* "worthy of his steel," and has retired as the champion, none daring to pick up his glove.

"He that's convinced against his will,
Will hold the same opinion still;"

And Gamma may yet believe that Grey Medoc has won "the best race ever run in America;" and that [his sire] *Medoc was the best stallion* [not excepting Sir Archy] *that ever stood in America!*—[May I be pardoned in regarding this as Western Orientalism—hyperbole?]*—that he has transmitted his racing powers more generally to his stock than any other horse, [has not Leviathan, in the same number of years, done as much in a neighboring State? have not his get won a greater number of races, at all distances, won more important stakes, more of them been at the head of the Turf, and acquired more general fame than the progeny of Medoc?] and*

that he has transmitted to *some* of them racing powers of as high a nature *as any other*." But with a little further investigation Gamma will perhaps come to Sam Patch's conclusion that "some things can be done as well as others." He will know that, even in Kentucky, *the fastest mile, the fastest two miles, and the fastest four miles*, have *not* been run by the get of Medoc; but in every instance by descendants of Sir Archy, the illustrious ancestor, also, of the best sons of Medoc, and of him that won "the best three mile race run in America." He will learn, also, that Leviathan, his cotemporary, has been *generally* regarded as a better stallion than Medoc. Both of them are good crosses for the Sir Archy stock; and in this respect have had the advantage of stallions his descendants.

At the charge of prolixity, and of a reiteration of many facts, well known to those conversant with the Turf, I believe I have pretty much "used up" the subject, even if I have shed no light upon it;—and having gone so much "in extenso," in regard to *time*, may lead any one, who may have taken the trouble to follow me to "the *finish*," to exclaim, "*ab imo pectore*," "the *times* are sadly out of joint." I therefore conclude, not at all doubting that Gamma is entirely "disinterested and sincere," and that he will regard me in the same light, as nothing but

A LOOKER ON IN VIENNA.

N.B. Since writing the preceding article, I have discovered that I have very unintentionally taken up the cudgels for "B.," who is better able to answer for himself.

A, &c.

GLANDERS AND FARCY.

A FEW WORDS TO "ERINENSIS" BY "GIMBLET."

IN spite of the records which are extant respecting the successful treatment of some cases of glanders, I believe that it will very generally be admitted to be a disease which, in almost every instance, is insusceptible of cure; and as it is also one whose nature is highly contagious, it is of the utmost importance to the owners of horses to be thoroughly aware of the manner in which it can be communicated from one horse to another, so that every possible precaution may be taken to prevent its propagation. To remove a glandered horse from the neighborhood of others who are not yet infected with the disease, is certainly to err on the safe side, if at all; but as there appears to exist some discrepancy of opinion among those capable of forming a correct judgment of the mode in which glanders may be disseminated, and as Erinensis seems to entertain a decided opinion of its *infectious* as well as *contagious* nature—an opinion, by-the-bye, which is at variance with that ex-

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pressed by other writers on this subject—I shall take the liberty of comparing his statements with those of Mr. Youatt, the Veterinary Surgeon—a gentleman whose professional *discrimen* in the nature and treatment of disease in the horse will not be disputed—and leave the truth to be hereafter elicited by *facts* in either case.

In the March Number of "The Sporting Magazine," *Erinensis* makes the following remarks on the nature of glanders:—"It is evidently the result of a specific morbid matter contaminating the surfaces and parts to which it is applied, *and also the result of an atmosphere poisoned with the effluvia of glandered matter*, affecting the organic functions, and inducing certain organic alterations. There is much, however, yet to be learned on this point, and we may remark that there is no better method of procuring correct information on the subject than by observing the disease both in man and in the horse, and by comparing the symptoms and appearances the disease presents in the former with those of the latter."

In addition to the opinion thus unequivocally expressed, that glanders may be propagated through the medium of the atmosphere, *Erinensis*, in his "concluding remarks," in the Number for May, says: "Our object in writing these pages will be in a great measure fulfilled if they only point out the extreme caution necessary to be observed by all persons approaching or meddling with glandered horses, *or even breathing for any time the same atmosphere with them*," &c.; and yet, strange to say, he has not adduced a single well-supported instance of glanders having been received by means of infection or atmospheric influence solely, among the many which he has enumerated, proving the liability of the human species to catch this horrible disease.

For instance: in the Number for March we have the case of Auguste Perrin, who became glandered after making a *post mortem* examination of a glandered horse; and that of Mr. Johns' son, who caught the same disease from a horse having snorted glandered matter in his face, a portion of which probably entered the nose, mouth, or eye, and was subsequently absorbed. Again, in the Number for May are recorded the cases of Shilling, who had had the care of a glandered horse; of a jockey, who wounded himself in the hand while trimming a glandered horse; of a groom, inoculated with glanders through a cut on the finger; of a knacker, who died of glanders in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and of the nurse who attended him, and who caught the disease from him; and of a carter, who had had the care of glandered horses, and who slept in the same stable with them. This latter remark is put in italics, probably with a view to enforce the doctrine of glanders being transmitted by the atmosphere, but cannot by any means be admitted as proof of such a fact in the case of a person who was daily in *contact* with glandered animals; and as for the nurse in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, who so likely to become *inoculated* with the disease as she who had to remove the poultices with which the glandorous ulcers were in all likelihood covered? Does not the fact, that no one else in the ward besides the nurse became the subject of glanders, rather tend to disprove the probability of this disease

being infectious, when a case purposely adduced to prove the assumed fact of the communication of glanders from one individual to another by means of the atmosphere alone, is found to have been only fatal or even dangerous to the very person who was exposed to the possible chance of receiving it by inoculation?

The history of the other cases referred to by Erinensis not having been entered into by him, it is of course impossible for me to analyze them, with the exception, perhaps, of those described in 1822 by Thomas Tarozzi, and shewing that thirty-five persons who visited a stable, wherein a glandered horse had died, were all "attacked by a malignant complaint, characterized, from its invasion to its termination, by fever, and an eruption of boils and gangrenous pimples;" and in this publication it is sufficient to remark, that, however detrimental to the human race the inhalation of an atmosphere tainted with glanderous miasmata may be, and however extraordinary may be the fact that thirty-five persons who visited a stable previously tenanted by a glandered horse should all have been sufferers from malignant fever, the circumstance of there not having been a single real case of glanders developed among the whole number rather shews that this disease is communicable in no other way than by inoculation and absorption of glanderous matter.

Having quoted the opinion of Erinensis upon a point of such extreme importance as the propagation of glanders through the medium of the atmosphere, I shall now proceed to compare it with that of Mr. Youatt.

In this gentleman's work on "The Horse"—which forms part of the "Library of Useful Knowledge"—after having described the usual symptoms of glanders, and noticed the hitherto unexplained fact, that, in almost every instance, when one nostril alone is the seat of the disease, it is the near or left nostril that is attacked (insomuch that M. Dupuy, the Director of the Veterinary School at Toulouse, affirms that out of eight hundred cases of glanders that came under his notice, only one presented the phenomenon of the right nostril being affected), he goes on to state that "there can be no doubt that the membrane of the nose is the original seat of glanders; that the disease is for a time purely local; that the inflammation of the tubercles must proceed to suppuration before that matter is formed on which the poisoning of the constitution depends; that the whole circulation does at length become empoisoned; and that the horse is destroyed by the general irritation and disease produced.

Mr. Youatt subsequently says that "the glanders may be either bred in the horse, or communicated by *contagion*;" by which last expression, according to an opinion afterwards put forth, is no doubt meant the actual *contact* of glanderous matter: and affirms that "no disease will run on to glanders which has not, to a considerable and palpable degree, impaired and broken down the constitution; and every disease which does this will run on to glanders."

Hence it is manifest that the predisposing causes of glanders—impure atmosphere from accumulations of dung and urine, and de-

bility however induced—are here to be understood as the primary agents alluded to in the production of this formidable disease, and not an atmosphere impregnated with miasmata from the breath of a glandered horse, as the following paragraph (p. 127) will clearly demonstrate:—

“Supposing that glanders have made their appearance in the stables of a farmer, is there any danger after he has removed or destroyed the infected horse? Certainly there is, but not to the extent that is commonly supposed. There is no necessity for pulling down the racks and mangers, or even the stable itself, as some have done. *The poison resides not in the breath of the animal*, but in the nasal discharge, and that can only reach certain parts of the stable; and if the mangers, and racks, and bales, and partitions, are first well scraped, and next scoured with soap and water, and then thoroughly washed with a solution of the chloride of lime (one pint of the chloride to a pailful of water), and the walls are lime-washed, and the head-gear burned, and the clothing baked and washed, and the pails new painted, and the iron work exposed to a red heat, all danger will cease.”

So much for *Glanders*—now for its twin-brother, *Farcy*. *Erinensis*, although a stickler for the communication of glanders by atmospheric infection, makes no mention of farcy being propagated by similar means; but we may fairly suppose that he leans to such an opinion when he says that “although these varieties of disease (glanders and farcy) are developed in different structures, and although it may not be easy to give a satisfactory explanation of the nature of their intimate relationship, *still their identity is a fact which experimental inquiry has fully established.*” However, lower down in the same page he observes, “we know from experiments that the glands and absorbents of a limb, from the fetlock upwards, became farcied from the *absorption* of the poisonous matter; but how are we to explain the subsequent development of an apparently *different* affection (glanders) in a perfectly distinct tissue (mucous membrane) from that of the parent variety of the disease? To say that the latter is the result of *sympathy* would be rather a vague explanation; besides, a serious objection might be started against that hypothesis—viz., if the latter be a sympathetic affection in this instance, why is not the entire mucous tissue involved? Why is it that the mucous membrane lining the respiratory organs *only* is that which is specifically affected?”

Are we to understand from these remarks that the mucous membrane lining the stomach and bowels, for instance, is capable of becoming the seat of glanderous ulcers? Are there any cases extant of horses having been inoculated in the *rectum* with matter taken from a glandered subject without the subsequent production of glanders primarily in that part? or does *Erinensis* mean that it is astonishing that, *in process of time*, glanders should not be found to spread from the mucous membrane of the respiratory passages to that of the alimentary canal? Is it also a fact that in chronic glanderous ulcerations of the latter part have never yet been discovered? For my own part I doubt it, and much question whether

a love of scientific research has induced the greater part of veterinary surgeons to make extremely accurate and minute *post mortem* examinations of animals that have died in an advanced stage of the disease in question.

With respect to Mr. Youatt's opinion of the nature of farcy, and its mode of propagation, I am compelled to say that, in spite of his usual clearness, he has not been very explicit upon this point in the work which I have already quoted. His words are these: "Farcy, like glanders, springs from infection, or from bad stable management.—(The word *infection* seems here to be used for *contagion*.)—It is produced by all the causes which give rise to glanders, but with this difference, that it is more frequently generated, and is sometimes strangely prevalent in certain districts. It will attack, at the same time, several horses in the same ill-conducted stable, and others in the neighborhood who have been exposed to the same predisposing causes. The practitioner is always afraid of seeing too much of this disease when he meets with one case of farcy, where there has been gross inattention to the horses. Some have denied that it is a contagious disease. They must have had little experience. *It is true that the matter of farcy must come in contact with a wound in order to communicate the disease*; but, accustomed as horses are to nibble and play with each other, and sore as the corners of the mouth are frequently rendered by the bit, it is easy to be imagined that this may often be effected, and experience often tells us that a horse having farcy-ulcers cannot be suffered to remain with others without extreme risk. We recollect a case in which virulent and fatal farcy was communicated by a scratch from the currycomb which had been used on a glandered horse."

This latter remark proves the possibility of farcy owing its origin to the absorption of glanderous matter; but it is to be regretted that in the first part of the paragraph just quoted Mr. Youatt has not sufficiently explained his meaning when he states that farcy is sometimes strangely prevalent *in certain districts*—an opinion which certainly appears somewhat at variance with his subsequent assertion, that the matter of farcy must come in absolute contact with a wound in order to reproduce the disease; for it would be assuming too much to suppose generally that ill-conducted stables exist more particularly in some *districts* than in others, although possibly in a few instances this may be the case, particularly in the metropolis. Still his opinion upon this point is too broadly and too generally given not to lead the reader to the supposition that occasionally some other agent, independent of direct contact with farcy matter, may be capable of carrying the disease from one stable to another; and in such cases it would be difficult to imagine any other mode of infection than that of atmospheric miasmata bearing the seeds of the disease, as is probably the case in many other complaints, as strangles, influenza, &c.

Nor should I, in justice to *Erinensis*, omit to remark, that Mr. Youatt, when writing on glanders, after having stated that *suppuration* of the tubercles is absolutely necessary before that matter can

be formed on which the poisoning of the constitution depends, nevertheless, in considering the subject of the nasal discharge, says, "it is proper to state that this discharge has continued *unattended by any other disease, or even by ulceration of the nostril*, for two or three years, and yet the horse was decidedly glandered *from the beginning, and capable of propagating the malady*." Was there then necessarily suppuration or ulceration higher up in the nose?

I have placed the opinions of Erinensis and Mr. Youatt in opposition to each other with no other view than that of eliciting the *real facts* bearing upon a most important subject—viz., the possibility or impossibility of glanders and farcy being communicated by the air breathed by a glandered or farcied animal. Surmises and conjectures upon this point are utterly valueless; what is required is *proof* of the infectious (as opposed to the contagious) nature of the above diseases; and although it may be very difficult to substantiate this fact, still it is much less so than to support the doctrine of the non-contagious nature of many diseases, since the atmosphere, being the common *pabulum* of animal life, may always be blamed as the agent in disseminating disease. GIMBLET.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for June, 1841.

JUNE WEATHER.

BY AN ANGLER.

"You must know I am a pretender to the Angle: and, doubtless, a Trout affords the most pleasure to the Angler of any sort of fish whatever. MASTER COTTON.

To the Editor of the "American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine"—

DEAR SIR: Since my melancholy May ditty to you,* there has come over the spirit of our New England scene a sudden and a lasting change. For three weeks we have now been in a most unpleasant state of physical liquidation. While "in the pop'lous city pent" our very thoughts seemed melting away. As I write this, no cloud is to be discerned in all the arching sky above me; not a breeze is there to stir the leaves that are hanging limp and melancholy, as if they, too, were oppressed with heat-engendered languor. The birds seem to be the only things alive; watching their nests so carefully, and never tiring of their own sweet occupation, made yet sweeter by its constant accompaniment of liquid music; and, as noon approaches, and the sun, penetrating even this close shelter, drives them from their toil, they nestle closer beneath the larger leaves, and twitter to each other, wondering, perhaps, when the pleasant rains will come again, and call out the earthworms for their feasting (as I now crave their coming for my June-bait, moreover.)

These birds—their nests are all around me as I write, at this

* See TURF REGISTER for June, 1841, page 334.

moment, and it is delightful to study their pleasant ways. And what can be more grateful to the thoughtful mind than the study of this bird-biography? Birds and butterflies—one of them so full of business when Spring opens, flying hither and thither, singing a song of welcome to the season, on some high tree; or swinging on a slender stalk, as it seems, in perfectly joyous idleness, yet all the time intent upon selecting and collecting building-material for their nests; or slyly inspecting the premises, as they increase in the perfection of their proportions, with an appearance of such arch indifference. Watch them all, from the voiceless little sparrow, hopping along the gravel walk, to the rotund robin, with his noisy note, and his ineffable school-master's conceit, while teaching his brood to fly. Foolish fuss! What need of so much chatter about this business? There comes Grimalkin, who, had Robin been less obstreperous, would have contrived still to doze stupidly in the sun, nor dreamed for a moment of small helplessness in the long grass. Pounce! And now, what distress is here in Bird-dom! Every tree pours forth its sympathies by scores, and such a fluttering of wings, such a gamut of distressful notes, from the shrillest chipper to the sharpest shriek. And off walks madam licking her chops, and resuming her sunny couch, with all the demureness and deliberateness of conscious innocence.

But I spoke also of those floating live-flowers—the butterflies—that aid in making this summer retreat of mine just now so charming. Idle useless things—so deemed by the thoughtless—nor can the thoughtful shew them to be of so much use, in the world-way of estimating utility, as bees which give honey, and philosophers who invent theories. Yet who can help loving them for their excessive delicacy and beauty? A pleasant world this to them! Never wearying of sunshine nor of flowers; ever flying on and on, as if there were no end to their enjoyment possible; seeming to have nothing else to do than to display their painted wings. Now glancing, like things of light, in the sun-beams, the next moment daintily kissing the flowers in passing, (like “La Sylphide” awakening the sleeping boy with the touch of her sweet lips, as she floats by him in his simple dreams,) poising themselves upon the stem for one brief instant, and then away! for another flight and another kiss!

Are you aware, Mr. Editor, how rarely beautiful are some moths, that fly about the lamp on summer nights—poor fools! singeing their delicate wings, and crippling their thread-like limbs? Last night, after much struggling, we caught such a victim, before he had had time to commit such deadly suicide; and having bastilled him beneath a tumbler, we fell to an admiring study of his parts and proportions. Never saw you aught more delicately soft than the tinting of his wings and body. The under color (ground tint) was a deep yellow, upon which there was a thick embroidery (so to speak) of pale buff—a sort of yellowish brown—feathers, which were visible plainly to the naked eye; and the body was yellow and shaded in the same way. The *lower* wings were streaked with sharp lines of brown and black, shaded (artistically) from the body

with reddish brown feathers. The larger had curving lines of brown with irregular spots of the same color, and near the centre one large and splendid circle of black, shaded off to a blue, with a clear dash of white. This is not a very scientific entomological description of my prisoner, I am well aware, but such as it is I give it, as, in the sequel, "thereby hangs a tale." * * *

The country, at this time o' year, the country for me, after all! No need to dress fine—that's much! Aping fine manners at watering-places—disguising your summer-feelings, strangling your summer-fancies—hypocritically eschewing as vulgar the natural ebullitions of summer tastes, by way of coming the grand and the elegant—what nonsense! Ever a wonder all this to me: living about in entries and on piazzas, neither able to walk, talk, nor eat and drink, without restraint; crowded, heated, bored, for the sake of being in the fashion—of living in the world's eye.—Gammon! *

JUNE: a trip deeper into the country, on a fine clear cool morning, before sun-peep,—two of us! Better this than those May experiences, upon which I last dilated. "And next you are to note," saith Izaak, "that till the sun gets to such a height as to warm the earth and the water, the Trout is sick, and lean, and lousy, and unwholesome." He especially loves the May-fly,— "and these make the trout bold and lusty, and he is usually fatter and better meat at the end of that month, than at any time of the year."

First day's sport; *my* share:—Fifty-three pounds: largest fish, one pound some ounces—smallest, *fit to fry*.

Second day's sport (four hours less fishing): Thirty-seven pounds for my share: average size the same.

Of these, hardly more than half were taken with worm-bait, and the remainder with the fly. My companion was quite as lucky, perhaps you will say more skilful, for he fished nearly all the time with the fly. This, remember, was in coolish New England, and somewhat early in the season, there. We have both done better, since, and oftentimes before. But, still, it was no despicable sport.

Seventeen of my "take" fell victims to a model of the splendid moth I have described to you above! I have the remains of him yet, and the description I have given you may serve, perchance, as a hint for other sportsmen, who make their own flies. But I am drawing too heavily upon your space, and so adieu for another month.

Yours ever,

J. F. O.

ON PERSONAL PORTRAITS.

BY "THE OLD COON HUNTER."

To the Editor of the "American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine"—

DEAR SIR: Though the "solitary subscriber" in these diggings to your gem of use and art, the "American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine," and "cords to borry," but no one else "to take," except the loaferish disposition in folks who wish to know, yet are so narrow heeled, that they are even taking their manipulations to the delicate achievement of "taking off" or "let me read your Register a minnit." I say, hallo! though I *am* alone, I have a single suggestion to make—which I hope may double the prosperity of the Magazine—relative to the *Embellishments*—for the *matter* is just the "idee." Would it not add much interest were you to give Portraits of Distinguished Turfmen? For instance, "OLD NAP," with "Gill Patrick" peeping round the corner of the stable. Or COL. HAMPTON, with whom could be appropriately mixed Stephen Welch's "calm summer morning's face." Indeed we would be glad to see the "N." of "the Devil's Fork," and any of those who have in days gone by, and who are now giving such glorious "spirit" to that which is dear unto our souls, and which we do more than dream on. Why, my dear sir, the sight of such features would make your subscribers feel, on Turf matters, like the inspiration of Tim Smith's patriotism.

A poetry-reading devotee of the muses read to him Halleck's "Marco Bozzaris," and remarked that "he felt like fighting for his country whenever he heard the stirring verses." "Purty fine," says Tim, "but if you want to feel like fighting in arnest, just read Washington or Marion. They fixes the feelings, and a chap what wouldn't fight after reading 'em, had better not know who his mammy was; and if he aint married, why his chance is purty good at Stoney Batter, for the gals would be sure he never would flog 'em."

Is it true that the beautiful and poetical name of the Grecian Hero, was nothing more than "Mark Buzzard?" Folks do say that Halleck altered it to the sounding "Marco Bozzaris." I don't know. Do ask him.

But I am not joking about the pictures, and your subscribers would all hail this alteration as a treat.

What an interesting embellishment would be a portrait of the ill-fated "J. Cypress, Jr.," &c. His dissenters will "quail" beneath the shadow of his memory yet.

Frank Forester's tribute is worthy of the heart which dictated the touching relation. He might, with the author above-mentioned have said—

"Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days,
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise."

I don't write as well as some people, but I have the same conso-

lation that one of my school-mates had as to her beauty. She was as ugly as a bear, and used to say "My grandmother came from Ireland, and the old folks do say she was as handsome a girl as ever crossed the sea." My grandfather wrote, God only knows how, but my great grandson may give quills *hell*, some day.

Our back-country racing is likely to be good this year, and whenever we tramp over at Newberry, as usual you shall have a quick report, &c.

Truly yours,

THE OLD COON HUNTER.

POMARIA, S. C., May 23, 1841.

Note—It would give us great pleasure to gratify our correspondent's wishes, and if the friends of the parties will procure the portraits for us, or aid us to do so, the thing is settled.

NATIVE AND FOREIGN STALLIONS.

To the Editor of the "American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine"—

DEAR SIR: This subject once excited much feeling among the patrons of the "Register;" at that time the writer took part in the *melée*, and like most men who attempt an impartial course after once taking part in a fray, he was soundly belabored by both parties. The high reputation of Sir Archy induced both sides to claim him;—one asserted that his superiority was entirely owing to his immediate affinity to an imported sire and dam, then contending with the famous Buffon that all animals degenerated in this Western Hemisphere. The others said he was superior to all the imported horses as a stallion, and that he owed this superiority to his nativity. To this it was answered that the imported horses of his day were inferior specimens of the English blood horse.

These parties both claimed, and attempted to prove too much; Sir Archy was as much a Native horse as any foaled in the United States; his citizenship would have been sustained in any of our courts; this in truth made him neither better nor worse, but his superior powers, pure pedigree, and distinct blood on his side, made him a good cross for all our mares.

The writer, then, denying American degeneracy, admitted, nay, was of opinion, that many of the imported horses would cross happily and advantageously on our natives, and that a general improvement would be the consequence. At the same time he was unwilling that all our thoroughbreds should be put under the *ban*; these, if judiciously placed, so as to have the benefit of mares differing from them in blood, form, and character, would, in his opinion, sustain themselves.

When the get of Fylde and Luzborough first came on, they beat almost all the colts of their year; their success was *indeed triumphant*. This, I acknowledge, was more than I expected, but it was the regular result of cause and effect. At that time the blood

horse of Virginia and Carolina were almost exclusively descended from Sir Archy, many of them from Diomed mares, and in the remote crosses generally allied; they were surely degenerating, and needed a pure distinct cross to restore them; this was afforded by the horses above named.

Fylde was unfortunately diseased, and died shortly after his importation; he was surely a valuable horse, and in a short time, if sound, would have been decidedly the most popular stallion East of the Mountains. Luzborough had faults of form and of action, and not even the splendid performances of Picton and Portsmouth would have sustained him; yet his own rich pedigree—for there was none better—is still preferable to breeding from near affinities, and at a future day the blood may tell in brood mares.

Of the most successful stallions since the day of Sir Archy, one of them has been an imported, and the other a native horse. Leviathan's get, since the day his first colts came out at two years old, have been the most successful at all distances of any in the country; with such a character for speed as to induce, with many, a belief that they could not go the distance; but those have paid to learn they can run all distances.

Medoc, in Kentucky, was equally successful; no young horse had as many winners as he; they, too, seemed to unite the rare qualities of speed and bottom. Medoc is an instance in point to prove that our native horses do not degenerate when purely bred, but at the same time the necessity of a proper location to the full development of their value as stallions; had he remained in New York, there would have been little chance of his acquiring reputation in the stud; the mares of Kentucky suited him, and the powerful patronage of an association added to the chances of his success.

These two horses may be considered as settling this vexed question; they may be viewed as fair specimens of Native and Foreign Stallions, both eminently successful under similar advantages. There can be no real difference in the *thoroughbreds* of the two countries, and the only advantage they can claim of us is the great variety of pure bred ones from which they can choose.

Among us there has been a paucity of crosses to insure a regular improvement, and in many instances our breeders have been induced to breed from horses that had only a high racing reputation to recommend them; these horses have got one, sometimes two, winners, from superior mares—the rest utterly worthless. But the establishment of the "Turf Register" and "Spirit of the Times" is fast dissipating the influence of such errors, and horses, like men, find their true level when thoroughly winnowed by the *Press*.

"A." has some time since spread on the pages of the "Register" his Theory on Stallions, in which he stated that almost all the successful stallions in England and America were withdrawn from the Turf at an early period; this opinion has been since sustained by some gentlemen not connected with the Turf. I recur to this while on the subject of stallions, merely to call the attention of those who read and take an interest in these matters, to the success

or failure of Boston and Wagner, both making their first seasons under favorable circumstances, so far as racing reputation and patronage is concerned. But, Sir, I hazard the opinion that both will disappoint expectation. Boston stands in a country where he can get no mares that have not some three, four, or five crosses of the same blood: his colts will not sustain the reputation of their sire. Wagner, in Kentucky, will also fail; he has not sufficient purity of pedigree to rub out the stains in the blood of most of the Kentucky stock. This was a task to be accomplished by the high bred son of Sir Archy or Medoc, and one objection to Boston and Wagner is, that they were both too long on the Turf—if they succeed, it must be some years hence.

When Priam comes to Nashville there will be no part of the United States where four stallions of equal reputations will be standing, viz., Leviathan, Pacific, Belshazzar, and Priam, and those who wish to try their horses have only to come to the Nashville Turf to have the matter tested, and if they wish to buy *winners*, this is the place to do it.

The writer of this article some years since was of opinion that Priam, if imported, would not succeed here as a stallion; this opinion was formed upon his own performances, seeming to win his races by speed, and losing a race to Birmingham when both were called out; also from a bad portrait of Priam published in the "New York Sporting Magazine," but I changed that opinion on witnessing the performance of his colts in England. His winners there, with the exception of Crucifix, were not flyers, but honest racers. The form of Priam—lean, high finished, not muscular—shows that his get will go the distance when they have the speed; but when his colts meet those by Leviathan, Belshazzar, and Pacific, they must not lack any of the high racing qualities of their sire if they hope for success.

Permit me to call the attention of breeders to one fact that most clearly shews the importance of proper location to the success of a stallion—that few well-bred horses, whatever may have been their success on the Turf, have sustained their reputation in the stud, if they remained in the vicinity of their birth. The reason lies on the surface—the mares were too much of the same stock; thus the Virginia and Carolina horses have been successful stallions in the West, and for the same reason the imported horses are more decidedly successful in the East.

Some may think this speaking too plainly on the value of horses now before the public; not so; if we discuss the merits of horses that are gone by, there is no benefit in inquiring; the evil has been inflicted, as we can no longer benefit by them. Besides, I hold it to be the legitimate use of the "Register" to canvass the claims of horses; all owners of horses (if really good) should invite the strictest scrutiny, or come out like the Hibernian culprit, and assure his "honor, it is only justice he fears."

A.

BUFFALOE HUNTING IN INDIA.

[From the "Bengal Sporting Magazine" for July, 1840.]

IN June, 1831, I started with a few friends, for change of air and scene, for I was tired of being nearly blinded, with looking at those large "puckah ovens," yclept "Palaces," and never getting outside that cursed ditch of yours, Mr. Editor—beg pardon for swearing!

Nine A. M. arrived at our tents; in the afternoon turned out—killed a few stinkers. On our return, we heard of a "must buffaloe," who had taken possession of a large plain of cultivated ground, and Tommy was playing hell with every living thing he could get hold of. From all accounts he had been there for some days, during which time he had killed one or two of the villagers, and no end to bullocks.

Next morning turned out on our elephants, horses and guns following. About eight o'clock, viewed a buffaloe lying, and apparently asleep. Mounted our horses, and manœuvred to within sixty or seventy yards of him. Here we considered whether it would be fair play to *pot* him as he lay on the ground? Our consultation did not last long, for he heard our voices, and

"Up rose the *janear*, with that burst of light,
Nor less his change of form appall'd the sight;"

but he did not appal the sight—for we were disgusted at seeing so small a beast; he was not the buffaloe we wanted, but he gave us a good run, and some decent charges. We finally lost him in a swamp, and the next day we heard that he died there. We were badly mounted, or we should have finished him much sooner—our own pet nags had not yet arrived. Disgusted with these rips of horses, and so small a buffaloe, we sent the nags home, and mounted our elephants, to try and get some small shooting. Nothing worth grilling in a fine sun for, so turned towards our tents.

On our way, heard our friend, that we had turned out for, had "changed position;" half an hour's work brought us in sight of him, and a noble animal he was!—Much did we regret our nags not being with us, for shooting these brutes from the back of an elephant is rather tame sport; however, I anticipated some fun, as we were five in number, only pads, on the elephants, three upon one and two on t'other. I thought if the beast would charge home, some of us would be shaken off, and then it would have been *interesting*. We had not much time for thinking, for the moment he viewed us he rose, tossed his huge horns about, tore the earth with his feet, and looked *unutterable* things. He was a splendid beast, and as savage as you'd wish him to be. Finding we would not take his gentle hints not to come nearer, he gave us one steady

* It had been cloudy until that moment.

look, down with his head, and came slap at us. Our five barrels frightened him, though I do not think many balls touched him, for I observed some very bad shots; however, we could not come near him again; we tried him on foot, but it rained so hard we gave it up.

At four P. M. we mounted our own horses, and made a vow to slaughter him. Our number was reduced to three, two of my friends not being equestrians. As we had kept men on the look out for our friend, we were not long in finding him; he was evidently bent on mischief, for he made a desperate charge at us. A ball from each of us made him change his mind; he wheeled round, and away he went, over the heavy ground, at a tearing pace which was too much for us; from the heaviness of the ground we could not overtake him: occasionally, when the ground was tolerably good, we managed to pitch a ball into him. He appeared to care very little about them; his head was straight for a grass jungle, and into it he went. Here we lost him for five or six minutes; at last we viewed him tearing on as if nothing should stop him. On the other side of the jungle the ground was better; I managed to run up alongside of him; rode within ten yards of him; fired! and had the pleasure of seeing the blood spirt out of his side. He made a half charge, and then dashed on and out headlong into a small piece of water. Here G. and S. came up—F. had found his horse and lost his ammunition: S. had fired away all his balls, and I had only two left; it was raining like "bricks," and six times did my gun miss fire. At last I persuaded the old pet to go off, and to some purpose, for up jumped the buffalo again, and came slap at me. As my powder was too damp, away I went, as fast as my horse could carry me. He followed me for about a hundred and fifty yards, and then turned off towards a nullah, some two or three hundred yards to our right. All attempts to turn him from it were of no avail—into it he went, and floundered through in "quarter less no time." I gave him my last ball in his bottom, as he got up the opposite bank, but it only had the effect of making him shake his head, give his tail a few strange twists, and quicken his pace. At the disappointment we felt, when we found ourselves again floored—words cannot express it—with longing eyes we watched him, pricking across the plain, and I thought

We part—for ever part—to-night:

Ah! ever thus from childhood's hour,
I've seen my FONDEST HOPES decay.

The nullah was 50 yards broad, and so muddy that no horse in the world could have crossed it; so we were not a little disgusted, and began to abuse each other like the devil, though it was not our fault, for we rode hard, as the appearance of our horses proved—one was dead lame; and the weather also was against us—for the last hour it had been pelting with rain; had we had a fine day, we would have given him the *coup de grace* in a very short time. It was getting dark, and we were eight miles from our tents; so we turned sulkily towards them, first taking the precaution to bribe a

few niggers to keep a look out for our friend, for I knew him to be desperately wounded.

Next morning we heard he had returned near his old haunt, and was playing the deuce in a herd of tame buffaloes; so away we went to have another bout with him. We found him in a patch of grass about four feet high, and the ground was *very bad*; it was nervous work; but *bag* him now we were determined to, at all risks. Our number was now reduced to two. T. walked round to the other side of the jungle, to cut him off, in case of a bolt that way, whilst P. kept his attention fixed, by walking up and down, about a hundred and fifty yards from him, and as he approached me at a walk, occasionally stopping and tearing the earth up, I gradually retreated. At last he got tired of this kind of fun; gave one of those peculiar *bleats*, put his head down, and came slap at me; charged about eighty yards, and then turned off. My horse was mad to get near him; he appeared to have taken as great a fancy to the sport as I had. At last I got him steady: he stood with head wondrous erect, looking at the buffalo, who was now about sixty yards from me, watching T.'s movements. I could feel my horse's heart beating as plainly as possible: now was the time; I rested the gun between his ears, fired! and had the satisfaction of hearing a noise, which sounds very like *p h u t* put together. Round he came, and dashed through the grass at me; I gave him the other barrel, bolted off, and handed him over to T., for his amusement. He received dose No. 2 from him, and then got into his d—d long gallop again. But I could see him "very sick at heart, and wanted some ginger," and moreover was very lame. Whilst I was loading T. followed him. I saw him run up to within ten yards of him and fire; this was the finishing stroke; he made a feeble attempt to charge, reeled to and fro, went down on his knees, rose once again, again tried to charge; but he was dying; he gave a kind of half roar, his hocks gave beneath him, and down he went backwards, and "great was the fall thereof."

I came up just in time to give the who-whoop!—we sat upon his warm carcass, lighted a weed, and called a hand for a little pint bottle of beer.

Of all things, thirst, it is the worst,
And of it I stands in fear;
So, whene'er I goes out, I carries about
A little pint bottle of beer.
For I likes my bottle of beer.—G. G.

But to return to our dear friend. He was a noble animal; stood exactly sixteen hands high; his length and size of his girth I forget, but it was something pretty considerable. When I looked at the make of his hind quarters, I was not surprised at the pace he went. The breadth of his loins was tremendous; you might have laid a dinner on his back for twelve hungry men, with ostrich appetites; if you don't believe me, ask Tucker. Ah! it was glorious sport, almost as good as hog-hunting. I've heard people talk of spearing buffaloes, and should like to see all the men above me in my regiment try it; I'd cry hurrah! for promotion then. I'm tired,

so adieu! I hope you'll be able to decipher this; it's more than I can.

Yours, Dasher.

P.S. We counted some twenty balls in him—the buffaloe—but few had penetrated through his thick hide—not above six or seven I think.

PERFORMANCES OF BOSTON AND CRUCIFIX.

MR. EDITOR: Your seventh number of the 12th volume of the "American Turf Register," for July, has been duly received by me, and read with no small gusto. It is now gotten up in a style, in my humble judgment, not only very creditable to yourself and to the country, but, as I conceive, nearly, in every respect, equal to the best periodical of the kind in England. The typography, engraving, and arrangement, has greatly improved since the work passed into your hands. Most cordially I wish you success with it.

Having paid this tribute to your enterprise, I embrace the occasion to make a few comments on the first article, that is accompanied with the appropriate and spirited engraving of Crucifix. She and Welfare, first and second in the Oaks, and two other Oaks winners, by Priam, have given him in England a reputation in the Stud, scarcely surpassed by his extraordinary achievements on the Turf, that have been regarded, by good judges, as the most brilliant since the days of Flying Childers, Eclipse, and Highflyer.

Crucifix, I presume, was undoubtedly "the most extraordinary two-year-old ever seen upon the English Turf; who had performed the wonderful feat of going through nine engagements without having been once beaten." These races, from "the Newmarket July Meeting in 1839," to the Houghton Meeting in October and November, were single dashes of half a mile, or at most on the Two-year-old Course, which is five furlongs and 136 yards long. However, Crucifix, in these nine races, beat between twenty and thirty of the best colts in the Kingdom, several times carrying *nine pounds extra*, and as much as 126lb. (9st.)—the weight for our aged horses! Crucifix, at two years old, won £4,587 sterling "in public money." In other respects, her extraordinary achievements, even of "twelve races within as many months, without having been once beaten," (though she won £10,287 sterling—upwards of \$50,000—"in public stakes alone,") having "done more in less time, than any horse that ever yet appeared upon the English Turf," do not put in the shade those of a few of our American-bred horses. For example, at four years old, after having performed creditably at two and three years old, in Tennessee, hundreds of miles distant from his subsequent brilliant exploits, Monsieur Tonson, in about six weeks, won as many races, as follows: Two mile heats

at Milton and at Caswell, N. C.; four mile heats at Richmond and Boydton; and three mile heats at Belfield and Halifax; beating, in capital time, the best horses of that period, and at their own distance—Sally Walker, Ariel, Lafayette, Gohanna, &c. &c. &c. The ensuing Spring Sally Walker was at the head of the Turf, beating all competitors from Virginia to New York, Ariel being next to her in celebrity, Monsieur Tonson having been withdrawn.

The more brilliant, and in this country, unprecedented achievements of our "nonpareil," Boston, are yet fresh in the memory of all: yet, as compared with Crucifix's twelve victories within as many months, it may as well be adverted to:—In 1838, at five years old, in *seven months*, between May and November, on courses hundreds of miles apart, in New York and Virginia, Boston *won eleven purses*, walked over the course twice, and *ran nine races*, *eight of them four mile heats* (winning one of them in 7:40), and the other race three mile heats; beating *all* the best horses of that year. Boston had now "gone through" *seventeen* "engagements without having been once beaten." In 1839 he won *more* races than American Eclipse did during his long career of four or five years. He has since won greatly, and is expected to run again, never having lost a race of three or four mile heats. He has won upwards of thirty races, and in "public money" and matches, more than \$40,000—a greater number of races (at least at three and four mile heats), beating a greater number of distinguished competitors, and winning more money, than any horse that has ever run in America; and in being at the head of the Turf, with such constant running, for about five years, Boston is unrivalled, in this respect, by *any* horse of England.

OBSERVER.

WASHINGTON CITY, July 12, 1841.

MEDOC AND HIS STOCK.

BY "B.," IN ANSWER TO "GAMMA" AND OTHERS.

DEAR P.: Last night's mail brought us the June Number of the "Turf Register," and "Gamma," like a true Kentuckian, stands up to the rack. All your readers will join in his kind recollections of "N.," and a large part of the people of the United States will forgive his admiration of Mr. Clay. I, Sir, will do more, and join him in commendation of Kentucky's pride and his country's boast. Large allowances shall be made for his admiration of Medoc, a good race-horse, and one of our most successful stallions: more than this he should not claim for his favorite, least from an examination of his title deeds we should rule him to his true quantity.

Medoc, as a race horse, at no time ranked with Black Maria, Post Boy, Mingo, or Trifle, that were on the Turf with him. The

manner in which Mr. STEVENS placed him shewed most conclusively his opinion, and the Northern Sportsmen agreed with him, yet he was an excellent racer and yielded only to the first.

He was a horse of great substance, himself a good performer, and of a racing family. It would therefore have been strange indeed, if, under the circumstances, he had not succeeded as a Stallion, his location (Kentucky) being the best that could have been selected. Be it remembered, he was the property of a large company of breeders; these alone put as many well-bred mares to him as would insure the reputation of any tolerable horse. These gentlemen were not only breeders, but most of them Turfites; that is, in the habit of having their stock trained, and I suspect more Medoc colts were tried the year his three-year-olds came out, than from any two horses in the United States; certain I am there were more of them trained in that year than from Sir Archy in the first five years he stood.

The colts of Medoc were bred by gentlemen in the habit of raising well; every colt was made the most of, for each had the double motive—the success of his colt and sustaining the reputation of the horse; bought at a high price, they would have felt compromised by his failure. Permit me to ask if any horse could begin his career in the Stud under more favorable auspices—here are some ten or twenty gentlemen of influence and fortune using their influence to procure him patronage; and the same spirit and influence filled the training stables of the State with his stock. I repeat, Sir, no horse in our day has had the same chance for distinction, and few, indeed, have better repaid the efforts of their friends.

I leave the defence of English horses to those who may deem the thing necessary. This may be answered by asking a question. What gentleman conversant with the history of blood stock would hesitate between Shark, Highflyer, and Medoc. Not "Gamma" himself. As to the jest about Eclipse, Childers, English miles, and English watches, this is a good one from Kentucky, where miles are short, horses fast, and *watches slow to a proverb*.

To his formidable list of thirteen Medocs, I could, with safety, oppose six Sir Archys, and beat them at all distances, not by a bare majority, but a *unanimous verdict*. Vanity, Reality, Timoleon, Virginian, Bersheba, and Flirtilla, could have beaten all the sons and daughters of Medoc, from one hundred yards to four mile heats.

I think that Medoc has gotten as many successful performers at all distances as any horse of his day, but I am not willing to admit that his colts have been the splendid four mile performers that any one who knew the Turf some twenty years since could have selected in Virginia and Carolina from the Sir Archys. In Kentucky he found mares that suited him, many high bred, and most of them speedy—and we find this last the characteristic of his stock—mile and two mile heats their best play. Luda is indeed a good one, but her dam, by *Sir Archy*, may have something to do with that—she and Grey Medoc are four mile nags, the others will surely succeed better at shorter distances.

Permit me to relate an occurrence that took place some thirty years since at a race course in North Carolina. A large number of gentlemen were collected in the Stand a few evenings before the races came off, to see the horses take their exercise. The horses passed the stand at speed, one a bay colt by Citizen, and the other a small chesnut mare. This last had on her a huge negro man, weighing at least 160lb. Mr. JOHN AVERY (afterwards one of the importers of Luzborough) exclaimed, "that bay is a race-horse." "I am not certain of that," said Mr. MARMADUKE JOHNSON,* in his quiet way; "the little sorrel mare, with the big negro on her, was too near him." Now some of us think this race of Grey Medoc is somewhat like that between the bay colt and the sorrel mare. Altorf and Denizen were nearly as good as he for two heats—indeed many believe it was Altorf's race at two heats, and the rider of Denizen at this day declares that if permitted to have done so, he could have won any heat in the race; but his managers intended to win a pile by waiting to the last moment, when a rule of which they were ignorant excluded him. [See note by the Editor.]

A gentleman from Nashville at the last Louisville races offered to name three Leviathans against all Kentucky, and they name the distance, and run this Fall. Here was a fair chance to test the superiority of the Medocs, but it was declined. [Not *exactly* so—two of these matches, one at three and one at two mile heats, were taken.—Ed. T. R.]

No horse should claim decided superiority until his stock was at the head of the Turf in some one of the States—four miles the test. This cannot be said as yet; first Wagner, and then Billy Townes, beat them at home; and if we are to judge by the running this Spring, they stand but a slim chance this Fall, as the get of Frank and Eclipse may shew a better title to the first rank. B.

I do not think the public has yet estimated fully the advantages under which a horse, owned by a large company, goes into the breeding stud, having some forty or fifty gentlemen (either themselves or friends) interested in his success. Each of these raise from one to four colts, then select one colt from each stock, and you may estimate his chance. This surely offers the most favorable opportunity to develop his powers, and a horse the property of an individual must be greatly superior if he can sustain himself. One has the best mare of perhaps two studs, and the other from fifty to sixty. This is odds against which there is no competing. B.

Note.—With all deference to the long practical experience and the maturity of judgment of our gifted correspondent, we beg to assure him that he entertains opinions with regard to the race of Grey Medoc which are, beyond doubt, erroneous. He did not witness the race, as we did, and his information must have been derived from prejudiced sources. We will allow, for argument's sake, that "Altorf was as good as Grey Medoc for two heats," for Grey Medoc pulled up lame after the 2d heat, and was slightly lame after the 1st. But it is a gross error to suppose that Denizen could have stood any chance with either of them

* Mr. MARMADUKE JOHNSON was the father of Col. WM. R. JOHNSON, of Virginia, who has been termed the "Napoleon of the Turf" for many years past.

single handed. Minnow, the rider of Denizen, like many "children of an older growth," habitually "talks too much." Instead of being able to win any one heat in the race, his horse could not have run *any distance* with Grey Medoc or Altorf from one hundred yards to four mile heats.

"B." says of Denizen that "his managers intended to win a pile by waiting to the last moment, when a *Rule, of which they were ignorant, excluded him!*" Who could have given utterance to "B." of such a scandalous fabrication? So far from Denizen's managers (Messrs. Camp & Blevins) being "ignorant" of the Rule, the writer of this saw them sent for to the Judges' Stand and there heard read to them personally, by the President of the Club, this very Rule, in the presence of hundreds. As Col. Camp was turning from the Stand, after Col. GRYMES had read and explained the Rule, the latter remarked to him, "the Rule is clear and positive—you must do your best this time, Colonel, for it is your last chance!"

The Veterinarian.

RESPIRATION,

ITS MECHANISM AND CHARACTERS ABSTRACTEDLY CONSIDERED.

BY MR. R. PRITCHARD, V. S., WOLVERHAMPTON.

MESSRS. EDITORS: I KNOW of but few if any subjects of more importance to the veterinary surgeon than the movements of respiration; and I have chosen it for this present article from the circumstance of teachers and authors usually mixing up these phenomena with the general physiology of the lungs, evolution of animal heat, circulation of the blood, &c. It is indispensable to a clear illustration of the performance of respiration to give a brief description of the apparatus by which this all-important and vital function is executed; and notwithstanding I am writing to a class of readers whom I presume to be acquainted with the anatomy of the respiratory organs and the ordinary effects of the process of breathing, still it is a subject pregnant with a volume of the most important information, and we cannot too frequently have our attentions directed to it, or become too deeply and intimately acquainted with its operations.

First presenting itself to our conception is the bony frame-work of the chest, bounded above and superiorly by the spine and ribs, as far as their angles—below and rather anteriorly by the costal cartilages and sternum—latterly by the sides and bodies of the eighteen ribs; and posteriorly by a musculo-tendinous plane, the diaphragm. The interstices between the ribs are filled by the intercostal muscles of which there are two layers, the fibres of the one layer decussating those of the other. Besides these muscles are the serrati, superficial costal, transverse costal, and levator costal, all of which are agents in the dilatation of the thorax. The chest thus formed constitutes a close cavity, but allowing the passage of

the trachea, œsophagus, and blood-vessels. The inner walls are everywhere coated by the pleural membrane, and by it divided into two principal chambers, one for each lobe of the lungs; and a third and subordinate one for the heart. Each of these principal cavities is occupied and filled by a most beautiful adaptation of the lungs; each lobe having its apartment entire and circumscribed.

The chest is an entire cavity: still the external atmospheric air has a free passage to its innermost recesses, from its entrance through the nostrils and nasal fossa, to the posterior chamber of the mouth. Here the air arrives at a very wonderful and truly surprising piece of mechanism, termed the *larynx*, composed of cartilages so constructed and arranged as to receive the operations of a set of muscles, by which this portion of the respiratory passage can be dilated, contracted, and, if necessary, closed. It is here that the peculiar intonation of the voice is affected, and a safeguard placed against the passage of every element or constituent, except atmospheric air, all others being foreign or noxious. Immediately posterior to the larynx the canal takes on a very different construction—it becomes a rounded tube, composed of cartilaginous rings, about fifty or sixty in number, called the *trachea*. The circle of these rings is not continuous, being separated behind by transverse and longitudinal fibres of elastic, or, perhaps, muscular tissue. This tube proceeds down the front of the neck, and, having arrived at the chest, passes between the two first ribs, and immediately divides into two trunks, called *bronchi*, one entering each lobe of the lungs, again dividing and subdividing to great minuteness, and ultimately terminating in small membranous vesicles whose diameters are said not to exceed the 1-40th of an inch. The inner surface of the whole of the respiratory passage is lined by a mucous membrane, commencing within the nostrils, continuing through the larynx and trachea to the utmost point of its divisions, and probably composing the air-cell itself. This mucous membrane is covered on its free surface by a beautiful epithelium formed of cells, to which vibrating ciliæ are attached.

The heart, as before stated, is situated in the third and lesser chamber of the thorax. This organ is of a conical shape, and has its base directed upward towards the spine, opposed to the 4th, 5th, and 6th dorsal vertebræ. Its apex points downward and backward towards the diaphragm, against which it comes in contact during expiration: it also inclines to the left sides, so that the shock produced by its action is readily felt when the hand is applied to that side in the region of the organ. The heart contains four cavities, two on the right, and two on the left. The right side of the heart may be very properly termed the respiratory portion of the organ, considering the circulation as double, and the whole of the blood entering the right cavities passing from them to the lungs, through the pulmonary artery. This vessel arises anteriorly and superiorly from the base of the organ, and almost immediately divides into the right and left pulmonary trunks, each entering its respective lung, in company with the bronchial tube, and, like the latter, divides and subdivides to extreme minuteness, ultimately

anastomosing over the air-cells in a most delicate mesh-work of vessels whose diameters do not exceed 1-3000th of an inch, or the square of the mesh-like structure more than 1-4000th of an inch in width. In the same degree of diminutive capacity commence the pulmonary veins, by a union with the capillaries of the arteries, and uniting and re-uniting, thus increasing in size, pursuing their course towards the heart much in the same direction in which the arteries had left it, until, having arrived at the left auricle, they terminate in the superior posterior part of this cavity by four openings; and here the pulmonary circulation may be said to cease. The branches of the bronchial tubes and air-cells and the trunks of the pulmonary arteries and those of the veins are supported on every side by a plentiful formation of cellular tissue; the whole constituting, by an outward investment of the pleural membrane, the lobes of the lungs. This pleural membrane is a secreting surface, yielding a bland fluid, by which friction and adhesion are entirely prevented.

Having given a concise description of the respiratory machine, I proceed to explain its movements or mechanism. Respiration, or breathing, is composed of two acts; 1st, that of inspiration, by which air is taken into the lungs; 2d, of expiration, by which it is expelled from them. In the fœtal state the lungs are passive, the trachea and bronchial tubes are without atmospheric air in them, so that the first act of life in an animal is that of inspiration. During the birth the umbilical cord is compressed, the circulation of the blood is obstructed, not only in the cord, but the whole circulation of the body of the foal is impeded. Upon delivery of the offspring the cord is ruptured. The pause thus given to the blood's progress imparts an impulse to the nerves of the respiratory muscles, the fibres of which, previously relaxed and passive, suddenly and actively contract, the chest is enlarged, and a vacuum begins to form in the cavity, to meet which the atmospheric air rushes through the nostrils, trachea, and bronchial tubes, and inflates the lungs. At the same instant the blood flows from the right side of the heart, through the pulmonary artery, to the air-cells; the living principle is received into the circulating fluid; and the pulmonary veins take up the vital current, and convey it onward to the left side of the heart, whence it is to proceed to serve all the purposes of the body. This is the first act in life—to *inspire*, or take air into the lungs.

The before-named muscles entering into the formation of the walls of the thorax, contract and raise the ribs. The diaphragm by its contraction flattens, and thus the capacity of the chest is increased, and the subsequent effects of inspiration are fulfilled. This first and most important act of inspiration is immediately followed by an expulsion of air from the lungs, partly by their own elasticity contracting; by relaxation of the inspiratory muscles allowing the walls of the chest to collapse; by the pressure of the atmosphere externally, and their own property of resuming their original position: by relaxation of the muscular structure of the diaphragm, and by contraction of the muscles of expiration, viz.,

the abdominal external and internal oblique muscles and the transverse and recti muscles of the abdomen, which are all muscles of expiration. The most important of them are the external oblique, which muscles, by their contracting, force the abdominal viscera against the diaphragm, and carry it upward and forward into the thorax, at the same time they also retract the ribs laterally, diminishing the cavity of the chest from behind forward by protrusion of the diaphragm, and on each side by compression of the ribs: by these agents the air is returned from the lungs, and the term *expiration* is applied to this movement. The whole of the air, however, inspired at the first ingress immediately following birth, is never again wholly evacuated from the lungs,—a portion ever afterwards remains in the tubes. Even in the deepest and most prolonged expiration the lungs are never emptied of inspired air, as expiration carried beyond a certain extent, is met by increasing pressure of the atmosphere upon the larynx, and the moment that the powers of expiration are exhausted, a fresh volume of air enters the air-tubes, maintaining an equilibrium between the atmospheric pressure within the lungs and without the chest in beautiful counterpoise. These acts of respiration are principally performed by the diaphragm in ordinary breathing. It is the most important muscle engaged in the respiratory movement. Its extent of muscular surface and attachment extending across and constituting the large oblique posterior boundary of the chest, sanction a precedence to this agent above all the others employed in the mechanism of respiration. The muscular fibres of this muscle are attached by digitations to the cartilages of the eighth and all the posterior ribs, but the two last, to the tip of the sternum, and by its cruræ to the inferior part of the bodies of all the vertebræ. When the fibres of this muscle are contracting, those of the intercostals contract consentaneously; and although co-operating in expanding and enlarging the chest, they act at the same time as antagonists to the diaphragm, by offering fixed points for that muscle to act upon, and become a flat plane, increasing the capacity of the chest in a very considerable degree. This is readily observed by the pressure of its posterior surface upon the viscera of the abdomen, rendering the abdominal walls more prominent. The intercostal muscles, situated as they are between the ribs, would, by their contraction, draw them towards each other, and diminish the capacity of the chest, acting as expiratory instead of inspiratory agents. But viewing the form of the ribs, their attachment to the dorsal vertebræ, to their cartilages, and these by acute angles to the sternum, throughout all the false ribs, by a dense fibrous lacing of the cartilage of one rib to that of its antecedent, it will be clearly seen the contraction of the interstitial muscles must carry the ribs forward and outward, increasing the dimensions of the thorax in width and depth at every part. Quiet inspiration requires no aid to the diaphragm but that of these muscles, which do assist in the expansion of the chest at all times: however, when inspiration is increased in number and extent, the other auxiliary movements are brought into action. The large serratus muscles, by their attachment to

the cartilages of the eight anterior true ribs, assist in expanding the chest in hurried respiration, the scapula being rendered the fixed point for the posterior portion of the muscle to act upon. The superficial costal muscles, by their attachments to the ligamentum subflavum, and to the prominent part of the ribs near their middles, must at once shew their prescribed office to be that of raising and forcing the ribs outward, and so dilate the chest. Lastly, we have the transverse costal muscles, attached as far forward as the transverse processes of the last cervical vertebræ, taking their course backward over the upper part of the ribs as far as the last one, giving attachments to all of them at their posterior edges, the vertebræ being fixed points, with two or three of the anterior ribs nearly so. By contraction of their muscular fibres, the angles of the ribs will be drawn forward and outward, and co-operate in dilating the chest. In tranquil expiration, muscular exertion is little demanded, the resiliency of the lungs and walls of the chest, and the balancing power of the atmosphere, are efficient for the purpose of restoring the chest and lungs to the state of momentary repose—the assistance of muscular power being required only to finally accomplish the act. When, however, respiration is quick and tumultuous, from whatever causes (and which I intend to enumerate by-and-by), powerful auxiliary agents are required. The whole of the abdominal muscles assist to effect complete expiration by compression of the abdominal contents against the muscular partition opposed between them and the lungs; and this power of expelling air from the lungs by the abdominal muscles is invested in them to a much greater degree than at first view may be observed. Through the medium of the interposing viscera, the diaphragm is sometimes forced forward into the chest to an unusual extent, and powerful expiratory acts are observed in snorting, sneezing, and coughing. A limit, however, is set to a collapse of the lungs, by the rigid and unyielding tissues of the walls of the chest, and diminution in the capacity of the thorax cannot be carried beyond a certain extent, or complete collapse of the lungs takes place so long as the cavity is entire.

My readers may think the above enumeration of the agents of respiration somewhat prolix, but the necessity for an exact consideration of them will be observed as I proceed with the subject. The principal object in the consideration of this article is the characters of respiration. Having first described the machine, and secondly the mechanism of it, the next intention is to illustrate its operations by a description of the signs adduced both in health and disease. This brings me first to remark upon the proper development of the organs of respiration and their characters, as best enabling the animal to perform his most arduous achievements, and accomplish rapid and continued exertion at the least expense to his system. Most horsemen, either on the Turf, the Field, or the Road, are acquainted with most of the external points essential to good *wind* in horses; but this is not enough for the veterinary surgeon to know. He must penetrate deeper than the surface, otherwise his knowledge, like theirs, will be but superficial.

The best conformation of the chest for respiration consists in its great length, depth, and breadth. Every horse has the same number of ribs, but they are very differently formed and affixed to the spine and sternum. The ribs should be broad, their superior angles well advanced outward and backward from the spine, well separated from each other in their interstices, and of good length. The cartilages, also, of the true ribs, should be long, giving depth at the sternum. In a chest thus constituted, the fibres of the intercostal muscles would be long—the diaphragm broad and powerful—the other costal muscles would be extensive—the attachments of the external abdominal oblique would be proportionately large, as would the whole of the respiratory muscles. In such a chest the lungs would be large, and the heart, too, in all probability. To these should be added a fine, well-formed nostril, capable of dilating; a large nasal fossa; a capacious glottis and rima; a roomy wind-pipe, and wide bronchial tubes, even to the air-cells; the pulmonary artery and veins should be large, giving bulk to the lungs by bloodvessels and air-tubes, and not by interstitial cellular tissue. When the muscles of the body are in rapid motion, contracting in active succession, the blood flows through the veins of the body to the right side of the heart with increased velocity; a corresponding circulation is indispensable through the lungs, otherwise the right side of the heart must be distended with blood, and general venous congestion ensue. The increase of the blood's motion through the veins is not depending so much upon an augmented force of the arteries as upon the action of the muscles. Give a lock of hay to a horse while he is being bled, and the motion of his jaws in eating will exhibit this phenomenon of the venous circulation. The respiration must increase in proportion to the circulation, for the blood, returning so much quicker and oftener to the heart, requires the lungs to be expanded in frequency corresponding with the action of the heart, in order to admit the blood through them. The blood, also, in the pulmonary arteries is the darkest and most venous of any in the body, and, of course, less fluid; therefore it is essential to free respiration, that the pulmonary arteries should be large. There is less probability of congestion in the venous system within the lungs, for the blood in them, being in the highest degree of vitality and fluidity, will pass readily to the left side of the heart: but the bronchial tubes are required to be large, together with the air-cells, which, as I have shewn, are continuous formations of the tubes; and unless the atmospheric air can pass with facility to the air-cells, the pulmonary arteries, however equal to the performance of their prescribed function, would be unable to deliver the blood into the pulmonary veins. The most fatal congestion of blood that can possibly take place within the body, is that of the capillaries anastomosing over the air-cells, an event which must take place in degree proportionate with the obstruction through the bronchial tubes.

ASCOT HEATH RACES.

Her Majesty's Vase and the Gold Cup.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON "SPORTING REVIEW."

"You see this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose."

WINTER'S TALE.

THE taste for racing, and the spirit to uphold it, are on the advance, and long may they continue to increase. The Turf is a noble sport, full of a right emulation, well fitted to occupy manly leisure, and excite honorable and friendly strife. Not only at home, but wherever a civilized community can be traced, the race-course is regarded as an arena for a becoming and legitimate pleasure. It is not free from matter that is exceptionable; but what human institution is? Peradventure, these pages may in some wise be the humble instruments to effect a change: but for the present let that pass. Our immediate concern is that recent courtly meeting with whose name and title this paper is headed. The theme is one whereof the details have been anticipated, while the true character is untouched. The annual race-meeting held upon Ascot Heath has, by a practice pursued during the present and last three reigns, been elevated into a popular convention, of which no parallel exists in this country. There, on a given day, and at a given hour, every subject of this land can, as it were, command sight and presence of the sovereign. While the iron records of the feudal times transmit to us the monarch confronting his people only as a stern dispenser of the laws, or leading them to fields of violence and blood, the peaceful history of our times shall portray sovereign and subjects mingled together in scenes consecrated to good-fellowship, and devoted to popular enjoyment. Excellent in principle as the scheme thus adopted proved, during the earlier years of its career, in the last three anniversaries it has been invested with far deeper interest, and surrounded with a far brighter halo. Within that period the throne of these islands has been filled by one whose claims on the hearts of Englishmen appealed with a power alone inferior to the enthusiasm created by her virtues. If for no other cause, for that thou hast brought before eyes that loved to look upon her, "the hope of many nations"—the young and fair Victoria—Ascot! thy name shall be exalted, and thy site a high and honored place. To him, then, who visiteth thy Heath alone for the pride of chariots—the pomp and circumstance of horses, I say, emphatically,

"You see this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose."

Having premised the importance that attaches to this meeting, apart from any consideration of the inducement it offers in shape of

the pleasures or the business of the course, we will pass on to the particular incidents that distinguished it on the occasion to which this notice particularly applies. A very general impression was abroad, that the excitement of a political crisis, such as that in which they took place, would essentially interfere with the success of Ascot Races in the present year. It is gratifying to be able to state, the effect was felt by no means to the extent that was feared. The meeting, indeed, was better than, from a combination of unpropitious circumstances, could have been expected. The weather was wretchedly cold and unseasonable; the Derby settling added an additional damper to the spirits of the professionals; while many of the pleasure division reserved themselves for the run in at St. Stephen's. Many useful and ornamental changes were effected in the arrangements since last year. New stables were provided for the royal equipages, adjoining Her Majesty's Stand; the approaches to the Grand Stand had been completed, and shrubberies laid out in the rear of it; while everything that could be devised for the convenience of its inmates had been provided in the fitting up of the interior. In the racing department a most convenient plan was pursued. As soon as the jockies for the various races were weighed, the numbers of the horses they were to ride, as shewn by the cards, were exhibited from the Judge's chair; a precaution that deserves universal adoption, as precluding the possibility of parties being taken in by backing nominations not intended to start.

Tuesday, June 8—was bitterly cold and bleak on the Heath; but, nevertheless, the attendance was good. The show of carriages was necessarily diminished; for the facility of the railroad to Windsor induced thousands to travel by it, who formerly patronized the good old system of a drag and four posters. At one o'clock the arrival of the royal *cortège* was announced, and the reception of the Queen was as cordial and respectful as upon any preceding occasion. The cavalcade was precisely the same as it always is. The master of the buckhounds rode first, followed by the various subordinates of his department; and immediately succeeding these was an open barouch, in which were Her Majesty, Prince Albert, Prince Esterhazy, and the Marchioness of Normanby; then came the carriages containing the members and visitors of the court; numerous mounted grooms, &c. &c. &c.; the brilliant liveries and curvetting steeds forming as dazzling a procession as well can be conceived. The list for the day's sport was very ample, but the number of blanks greatly reduced it. Coronation walked over for the Ascot Derby, Oakley for the Dinner Stakes, and Satirist for the St. James's Palace Stakes. Still the racing was excellent: the style in which Robinson opened it, by winning the Trial Plate, on Flambeau, was one of those *chefs d'œuvre* that no one can fancy that has not seen the *maestro* perform. The form in which the Knight-of-the-Whistle ran the Newmarket nag home, seemed to imply that, had he been started for the Derby, he would not have been the last of the northern lot. The 300 sovs. Match brought back a small portion of Broadwath's price to Mr. Meiklam's pocket.

Had Pathfinder not broken down, it might not have found the way there. The 50 sovs. Sweepstakes introduced another Rosalie colt to favor: it is to be hoped he will deserve it better than his brother. He won in a canter; but the field was a miserable one: he is in the two great two-year-old races in the Newmarket July meeting, besides being very heavily engaged for next year. Welfare won the Ascot Handicap, giving Janus half a stone, and beating a fair field, in a very honest fashion. It was a surprise to many when Lanercost's number was exhibited for the Vase; but my impression is, that it would have accompanied its splendid partner to the North, but for the disappointment Mr. Ramsay's horse met with when Miss Stilton bolted. Starting Lanercost on Tuesday was *not* the mistake of the day. The error appeared to me to be Lord Exeter's, in drawing Cesarewitch for the Ascot Derby (more especially was I persuaded he was wrong when Coronation shewed for the walk over), and reserving him for the Vase. The condition of Satirist, and that of Ghuznee, at Ascot, were triumphs in the art of training. As soon as the race for the Royal Vase was over, Her Majesty and suite left the course, greeted with every demonstration of loyal and affectionate respect.

Wednesday was a most emphatic *dies non*; there were no people, and less sport. The Fifty Pound Plate was a match between Mr. Osbaldeston's filly by The Colonel, out of Galatea, and Emotion, won by the former; and the 100 sovs. Sweepstakes, a duet, out of ten nominations, between Camelion and John o'Gaunt, the former the winner. The Swinley was walked over for by Bokhara; Belgrade beat Langolee and Miss Stilton for the Queen's Hundred; Ghuznee walked over for the Coronation Stakes; and there the business ended. Surely, when the Cockney meeting at the Hippodrome can furnish its five and six hundreds of public money to be run for every day that it professes to invite company, imperial Ascot might do something more for her aristocratic guests than set two miserable Plates of £100 and £50 before them.

Thursday was a brilliant anniversary of the Cup Day. The weather was prodigal of all the choicest gifts of summer: a cloudless heaven; gentle airs, breathing freshness and fragrance; while for the pilgrims of pleasure, whose shrines lay beyond the classic glades of Windsor and Virginia's fairy retreats, Nature spread "her brightest of crystal and softest of green." It is odd enough to note how exactly alike are the features that, each year, present themselves at particular points upon this great festival. Though less peopled, the road from town was, in all its arrangements, the counterpart of the scenes it exhibited in 1840; and Windsor was the same—identically the same—in the minutest details, that it was on that day twelvemonth. In the balcony of the White Hart there stood, as I passed, a man in a white hat, white ducks, and white blouse, who held in his hand a tumbler half filled with a yellow liquid, into which a waiter was discharging a bottle of soda water: on Thursday, the 18th of June, 1840, at the same hour, the same waiter was administering to the same patient the same

dose: and there is little doubt but that he will be found doing so the same day next year.

Precisely at half-past one o'clock the Royal Party reached the course, in the order of procession always observed upon similar occasions. Her Majesty appeared to take much interest in the animated scene that met the eye in every direction. The Queen looked extremely well, and was received with every demonstration of attachment and respect. In point of numbers, the Heath, probably, was never better attended: some of the higher classes were absent: but the *éclat* of the day has been rarely surpassed. The Stand Plate was won very cleverly by Janus, backed at 3 to 1; and for the 30 sovs. Sweepstakes, for two-year-olds, Mr. Shackel's Meal walked over. The Windsor Forest Stakes for three-year-old fillies, produced a race with three, which Una won easily, and gave the fielders a slice of luck, Florence having been freely backed at 6 to 4 on her. The important event of the meeting was now to be decided, the Cup being the next race in succession. The field was one of the best that has gone for it for years; the betting more devoid of spirit than I ever before knew it. The general havoc and individual manœuvring which the Derby settling (*lucus à non lucendo*) produced, no doubt mainly brought this about. The defeat of Lanercost, on Tuesday, had also choked off the majority of his friends; and those who backed him, and won, have, in four cases out of six, to wait for it "till after the Leger."

The GOLD CUP, by subscription of 20 sovs. each, with 200 added from the fund; three-year-olds 6st. 10lb., four 8st. 5lb., five 9st., six and aged 9st. 3lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb.; to start at the Cup post on the New mile and go once round, about two miles and a half; fifteen aubs.

Mr. Ramsay's <i>Lanercost</i> , by Liverpool, 6 yrs	Noble.....	1
Mr. Stanley's <i>Flambeau</i> , 5 yrs	Robinson.....	0
Duke of Rutland's <i>St. Francis</i> , 6 yrs	J. Day.....	0
Sir G. Heathcote's <i>Bokhara</i> , 4 yrs	Chapple.....	4
Mr. Ridsdale's <i>Bloomsbury</i> , 5 yrs	Nat.....	5
Mr. Wigram's <i>Teleta</i> , 4 yrs	Conolly.....	6

These six made a sufficiently imposing appearance; everybody seeing cause to admire their favorite and vituperate the rest. The gentlemen of the "Green" family were in ecstasies at Bloomsbury's style of going, which was that peculiar to the circle at Astley's—woe is me! that I write it—when Astley's *was*. *St. Francis* could not have been brought out in more perfect condition. *Flambeau* was as brilliant as flambeau might be; in short, the half-dozen looked all over like racing; but, to the experienced, the north-country horse gave assurance that neither Newmarket nor England to boot could find a champion to compete with him, that day, for the honor of the South. As soon as they were well under way, Noble took *Lanercost* to the front, was permitted to make his own running at a bad pace (whereby *any* chance that the field might have had was sacrificed), kept the lead from start to finish, and won without an effort by a length. Robinson made a dead heat for second, with *St. Francis* (who went well, and ought to have gone twice as fast as he did, for the first two miles); and Bloomsbury ran a jady, shuffling brute. *Bokhara* ran as well up as could have been expected; and *Teleta* much worse. *Lanercost* was the

best three-year-old in the north, though he did not make even a race for the Leger; and now, at six, he is the best racer in England: as becomes him, he has carried off the handsomest prize known to modern Olympics. It shall hereafter be said of the Derby and the Ascot Cup for 1841, as regarded the horses, that they fell to the lot of the best and most honest nags of the year; as regarded the Derby, at least, their *bettors* cannot claim a similar category.

For the 100 sovs. Sweepstakes, The Nob, with 2 to 1 against him, contrived to beat his Newmarket opponent by a neck: this was a result by no means anticipated, particularly when the change of jock was had in account. The Windsor Town Plate was won by Pickwick—Mr. Greville's *cheval de bataille* (no treason in that, it is to be hoped); and Van Amburgh, for the Buckingham Palace Stakes, disposed of Cesarewitch at the market estimate, which was 8 to 1 on the winner; thus terminating a brilliant day in all the appliances of racing—*éclat*, sport, attendance—lovely weather and ladies “in a concatenation accordingly.”

Friday may be described as precisely the antipodes of its predecessor: it was cold, comfortless, and companyless. There was an awful dust, enough to have smothered a hundred times as many as were present to partake of it; and, moreover, there arose a “shindy” anent the riding of Camelino, for the first class of the Wokingham. It was stated—stated, do I say?—all the gods were invoked to attest, that H. Edwards, his jock, had perpetrated a colossal swindle—a robbery, to which, for measureless audacity, the carrying off of the crown jewels, by Colonel Blood, was an act of modest diffidence. As Turf affairs are conventionally touched *levi manu* (the reader is to understand this *Levi* is a Latin, not a Hebrew word,) I shall offer no opinion on the subject, beyond stating that, to the best of my belief, and as far as I can form a judgment, it looked uncommonly like an undeniable “do.” Well, this first class of the Wokingham, as aforesaid, fell to the lot of Una—“heavenly Una and her milk-white lamb” (Nat), but more by good luck than good right, according to the popular voice. Curlew won the second class by a head, after a really fine race; the tailing being evidence that the pace had been an earnest one. Of the remainder of the day's sport nothing need be said. As a pleasure-tryst, Ascot, this year, might bear comparison with the majority of preceding seasons; in business, it was most “flat and unprofitable.” I cannot but rejoice at this latter contingency. Betting, once the gentleman's amusement, has become the blackguard's common trade, the knavish agent for winning his daily bread. The sooner the system receives its *coup de grace* the better: no matter what the means, the end will dignify the instrument.

London Sporting Review for July, 1841.

Notes of the Month.

AUGUST.

PROSPECTS OF THE TURF.

The ensuing Fall Campaign promises to exceed in interest any racing season ever known in this country, notwithstanding the distress in monetary circles, and the extraordinary depression which pervades the community generally. Of the "cracks of the day," very few of last season or of the present Spring, will be unable to "come again." *Grey Medoc*, *Nancy Clarke*, and *Cub* are about the only ones eminently distinguished who will not show. *Boston*, ere this, is probably taking walking exercise at Arthur Taylor's, and in the present state of the Turf at the South-west, an event of more importance can scarcely be imagined. HE MUST GO AT ONCE TO KENTUCKY, and then down the river to New Orleans! *Wagner* is in training at the Oakland Course, at Louisville, under the personal attention of Col. WATSON, who will shortly be joined by Mr. VAN LEER, now in this city. Col. TOM will have the strongest stable, barring accidents, that ever visited that State; besides *Wagner* and his old stable companion, *Altorf*, who is to join him from St. Louis, he will have two or more cracks from Tennessee, that he has selected to run in the matches against Kentucky. When we left Louisville *Flight* and *Ben Franklin* (both by *Leviathan*) were the Colonel's selection, but, to provide against accidents, these will probably be supported by some others. As Col. Watson can command any thing in Tennessee, the public may be assured he will start no "common doings." *Thornhill*, *Buckeye*, and *Maria Collier*—all winners of note—make up Col. W.'s string. We had written thus far, when a gentleman called upon us with a letter from "an old hand and long head" at Louisville, dated the 30th June, by which we are apprised that intelligence from Watson, in Tennessee, is to the effect, that *Flight* has partially given way, and that *Ben Franklin*, being engaged in two Four mile stakes, of \$500 each subscription, play or pay, with eight subscribers to each stake, cannot be had without a great sacrifice. In consequence, the Colonel had purchased the *Own Brother* to *Sarah Bladen*, a 3 yr. old, at a swingeing price, and secured the services of *Devil Jack* (a 5 yr. old *Leviathan*, out of *Lady Burton* by *Timoleon*, belonging to Mr. M. D. SIMMONS). He has also obtained the superb 3 yr. old filly by *Leviathan*, out of *Imp. Florestine*, of HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq. of Nashville, which is now *en route* to Louisville, in company with *Nick Davis* (a flyer, by *Leviathan*, out of *Shamrock's dam*, bred by the late Mr. JACKSON,) and another 3 yr. old by *Imp. Margrave*. The lot were expected to reach Col. W.'s stable at the Oakland Course about the 4th ultimo.

A match can be made up now, between *Boston* and *Wagner*, or they might go into the Inside Stake opened at Louisville, for the Jockey Club Purse, four mile heats, provided, of course, that each stands his training. If *Boston* can win at Louisville and New Orleans, he can make \$10,000 per annum in the breeding stud, when he retires from the Turf. When we last saw *Wagner* he was looking extremely well, and it is the opinion of all who have seen him of late, that in good hands he can fight his battles o'er again. Should these two visit New Orleans they will have to encounter *Sarah Bladen*, and if they can beat her at four mile heats, their owners, for the remainder of their lives, CAN JUST WALK IN AND HANG UP THEIR HATS! Anything which has the foot to put her up "*can travel*," as a certain "gouty Kentucky gentleman" remarked to a young man not raised on *soft corn*, that he saw beaten a second time on three aces at Poker, but who went his pile and nearly broke the party on "a straight." It is the cue of the Virginians and of his owners to take *Boston* to the Southwest: they will be heartily welcome and no where else can they lay out their money to so much advantage. Besides, *Boston* must at some day stand in Kentucky, for the reason that if he is popular he can earn double the money there that he can any where else.

Among the great creatures that will come out again this Fall is the superb filly *Bee's-wing*—a winner in 7:38. She has been turned out now for a long time and looks as if she had quite recovered. *Baywood* and *Westwind*, also, who ran their last two races out of condition, promise to win new laurels.

There is an *on dit* circulating among the Georgians on the Alabama line that *John Bascombe* is to be trained this Fall, but we have heard nothing on the subject from his owner or trainer. It would not surprise us, however, if Hammond should induce Col. CROWELL to allow him to train the winner of the Eclipse saddle once more. By the way, *that* saddle is likely to be challenged for by *Fanny*, the pride and boast of South Carolina. *Santa Anna* and *Omega* have a distinct account to settle.

It is now more than ever doubtful whether the match between *Buckeye* and *Red Bill* will be made up. It was originally proposed that they should take up 100 lbs. each—the distance, four mile heats, and for \$5000 a side—to come off at the Louisville October Meeting. *Buckeye* came near breaking down at the late Cincinnati meeting, though he won the Jockey Club purse. It is extremely doubtful now whether his game leg will stand another training, though a recent letter informs us it was less injured than was supposed. He could have beaten *Red Bill* with 100 lbs. on his back, while the Kentucky crack could have “slayed him” with 118 lbs. up. At least “them’s our sentiments” and public opinion among “old folks” set so strongly in that direction that the parties were not in a hurry to go into the speculation. *Red Bill* has been taken up ere this, and if he comes right, he ought to be able to “take the socks” from anything in the State. *Robinson*, however, will give him a turn, “old Frosty” says, and *Mary Morris* and *Blacknose* will have a shy at him.

The match by the same parties, between *Thornhill* and *Jim Bell*, has, we regret to say, fallen through. Several engagements have been made on the latter. He is a good one, but can get into a softer snap than a match with the *Glencoe* colt; a race between them would be a sporting affair, and no mistake.

At the North the prospect of fine sport is equally fair. *Hornblower* is withdrawn from the Turf, but his place in Mr. VAN MATER’S string is now filled by *Treasurer*, from Long Island. If *Mariner* and *Fashion* were not in the same stable with *Clarion*, it would add greatly to the interest with which the three are regarded.

There are more fine 3 yr. olds this year than we ever have known, especially in the South and West. Indeed, it would not surprise us if the old stagers should wake up some wrong passengers among them, even at three and four mile heats. In Kentucky and Virginia there are very few four mile horses of note, *Laneville* being considered the best in the Old Dominion, while *Robinson* claims to be at the head of the Kentucky Turf. They *may* be able to maintain their positions this Fall, but if they do, they will be obliged to travel at another sort of pace from that which gave them their present reputation.

There are various other reasons, some of which are not referred to in the foregoing paragraphs, which lead us to believe that the ensuing campaign will be one of unusual interest. We shall take pleasure in recurring to it again.

THE VIRGINIA STABLES.

A well informed correspondent in the Old Dominion sends us the annexed gossip in a private letter. We wish we could compel him to write oftener:

Dr. GOODWYN is just taking up his horses. He has *John Blunt* walking, and he looks “as fine as silk.” He is bound “to rake the cakes,” and I would gamble “hams” on *Blunt* vs. *Tyler*, and on *Harriet* vs. *Wonder*. I think *Harriet* can lick *Wonder*, but if I bet, I would take *both*, *Blunt* “for the sauce;” one bet would make the other “most excellent good.” *Harriet* never looked so fine. *Telemachus*—or as LONG calls him, “Old Clem”—is first rate for one that is ever second. LONG says, “Start him with twenty mules and he would be second”—but, by the bye, I see he is deprived of his good place in the report of the Newmarket races. I can’t imagine how they have omitted to place (or name) so distinguished a horse. But it would be well for him perhaps, if he had never been reported at all as he has never won a heat. He was the favorite at Washington the two mile day 100 to 30, and was second; the 3 mile day at the same place, he put *Astor* up to the whip and spur, and it was a close thing, although I see it

reported all easy for Astor. If ever he strikes the "1st and 1st" he will be there for life.

HARE will train Andrewetta, Job, Blackboy, Willis, and others. He would match Andrewetta against any thing that beat her last Spring—why don't Fashion hang her?

THE TENNESSEE AND ALABAMA STABLES.

[From one of our Special Travelling Correspondents.]

NASHVILLE (Tenn.), July 1, 1841.

Dear Sir,—During my recent ramblings through Alabama, I picked up a few sporting items, from which you will learn that the approaching Fall campaign in the South-west promises to be of unusual interest. In South Alabama the following gentlemen have all got full stables:—Capt. Duncan, of Autauga; Judge Hunter, of Hayneville; Gen. Scott, of Lowndes; Bat. Smith, of Dallas, and Col. Averitt, of Kingston. In the northern part of the State there are Messrs. Boardman & McLaren, Messrs. Davis & Ragland, Maj. Nat. Terry, Mr. Connally, Messrs. Camp & Acklin, Mr. Thos. Kirkman, and a stable at Tusculumbia, under the charge of Skinner & Bradfute. Subjoined is a list of the stables I have visited. Messrs. DAVIS & RAGLAND, of Limestone, (G. W. Skinner, trainer,) have seventeen up, viz. :—

Scipio, b. h., 7 yrs. old, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Kitty Clover.
 Free Jack, br. h., 5 yrs. old, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Napoleon.
 Preston, b. h., 5 yrs. old, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parrott.
 Julia Fisher, ro. m., 5 yrs. old, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Polly Bellew.
 De Lattre, br. c., 4 yrs. old, by Imp. Consol, out of Imp. Design.
 Jim Bradley, ch. c., 3 yrs. old, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Design.
 Petway, br. c., 3 yrs. old, by Imp. Glencoe, out of Othello's dam.
 —, ro. c., 3 yrs. old, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Polly Bellew.
 —, ch. f., 3 yrs. old, by Imp. Glencoe, out of Fanny Dade.
 Glenara, ch. f., 3 yrs. old, by Imp. Glencoe, out of Kitty Clover.
 —, br. c., 2 yrs. old, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Polly Bellew.
 Joe Bradley, ch. c., 2 yrs. old, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Design.
 —, b. f., 2 yrs. old, by Imp. Glencoe, out of Othello's dam.
 Talmadge, br. c., 2 yrs. old, own brother to Old Mistress.
 George Foote, ch. c., 2 yrs. old, by Imp. Glencoe, out of Sukey Pepper.
 Sequel, b. f., 2 yrs. old, by Imp. Glencoe, out of Polly McLaughlin.

Capt. JOHN DUNCAN, of Autauga, (Jas. Jewell, trainer,) has several others besides the following up:—

Dublin, gr. h., 6 yrs. old, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Caledonia.
 Cork, b. h., 5 yrs. old, own brother to Dublin.
 Falcon, ch. c., 3 yrs. old, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Object.
 Lord of Lorn, 5 yrs. old, by Argyle.

Maj. NAT. TERRY, of Limestone, has some half a dozen up, viz. :—

Arkaluka, ch. c., 4 yrs. old, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Peggy McGhee.
 —, br. c., 4 yrs. old, by Imp. Consol, out of Mermaid.
 —, b. f., 4 yrs. old, by Imp. Luzborough, out of May Dacre.
 Maelstroom, br. c., 3 yrs. old, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Sally McGhee.
 Glennett, b. f., 3 yrs. old, by Imp. Glencoe, out of Mermaid.
 —, b. c., 3 yrs. old, by Garrison's Zinganee, out of Jenny Hunter.

J. J. HUNTER, Esq., of Hayneville, has some three or four up:—

Gil. Patrick, br. c., 3 yrs. old, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Imp. Leviathan.
 —, b. f., 3 yrs. old, by Imp. Sarpedon, out of Polly Kennedy.
 Gratton, 2 yrs. old, by Imp. Chateau Margaux—Eastern Mary by Maryland Eclipse.
 —, 2 yrs. old, by John Dawson, out of Gil. Patrick's dam.

I saw several beautiful and promising colts at the residences of Capt. Davis and Maj. Ragland; the one and two yr. olds, particularly, are very superior. They are the get of Imp. Leviathan, Imp. Glencoe, Count Badger, and Othello.

Riddleworth, at Mount Meigs, has served his complement of mares; among those he covered are Mr. Stevens' Fanti, Gen. Scott's Calista, the dam of Regulus, Col. Ashurst's Queen Ann, and Acacia.

Imp. Glencoe has also made a pretty good season; his 2 and 3 yr. olds are remarkably fine.

Whalebone, who stood in Talladega County, has served upwards of seventy mares, at \$30.

A Club has recently been established at Jacksonville, Benton Co., Ala.; Col. H. B. TURNER was elected President. They have already subscribed upwards of \$1500 for the Fall Meeting.

SARPEDON *versus* PRIAM.

The owners of *Sarpedon* believing him to be a first-rate stock horse, and he having covered, in the spring of 1837, some ten or twelve thoroughbred mares (whose colts are now 3 years old,) whilst *Priam* (as is well known) covered one hundred or more of the finest mares in America, both native and imported, the undersigned will propose to the owners of *Priam*, the following matches, to come off over the Newmarket Course, Petersburg, Virginia, the ensuing Fall meeting:— They will now name *Wellington*, a bay colt, 3 years old, bred by them, and Maj. N. T. GREEN's brown filly *Duanna*, also three years old, both got by *Sarpedon*, bred and raised in the county of Mecklenburg, Va., to run against any two *Priam*'s of the same age, Two Mile heats, for FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS each race, half forfeit, and give the owners of *Priam* until the 10th of August next to accept the challenge, and the whole of the United States to make the selection. The acceptor to publish in the "Spirit of the Times," by or before that date; and name a time within two weeks thereafter to meet at FRIEND'S Hotel, in Petersburg, to make good the forfeits, by putting up the money, or placing in one of the banks negotiable notes, satisfactorily endorsed.

Mecklenburg, Va. July 5, 1841.

WM. TOWNES.
EDM'D TOWNES.

THE PEYTON STAKE.

This splendid Stake, which promises to be the richest prize ever run for in the world, and which is to come off at Nashville, Tenn., at the Fall Meeting of 1843, is beginning to excite a great degree of interest in sporting circles, inasmuch as the subscribers are now making arrangements for the breaking and training of their nominations. We have been desired by several subscribers to the Stake to beg of those having nominations in it, to furnish the editor with the sex, color, and name of the same, with any other information they may choose to supply, all of which will be published for the information of the sporting world generally, and the subscribers in particular. Of the thirty nominations, several are dead—we believe six; we have seen ten or more of them, and there are five that can hardly be matched. Of these the colt (*Herald*) out of *Delphine*, the filly out of *Maria West*, and *Great Western*, *Black Maria's* filly, are the finest. There may be others quite as promising that we did not have the gratification of seeing during our recent tour through the South and West, but which will render a good account of themselves when called upon. When the precise number and promise of the different nominations is made known through the medium of the "Spirit of the Times," we may expect considerable speculation upon the event itself. Several gentlemen have already opened "books," and are ready to lay out their money upon the race. We respectfully urge it upon the subscribers to furnish the desired information in the premises, as the great PEYTON STAKE will constitute a new era in the annals of the Turf, both in this country and Europe. Think of a stake amounting to \$150,000! We should seriously consider a proposal to purchase even a share in the "Spirit" for half the money.

THE LOUISIANA COURSE.

The Louisiana Course, at New Orleans, one of the handsomest and best managed courses in the Union, will be the scene of many animated contests this Fall. Some very attractive Stakes are to come off over it. In a private letter Mr. GARRISON, the Proprietor, remarks to the following effect:—

"Through your paper I perceive many opinions expressed as regards the race of Grey Medoc and Altorf, and occasionally a reflection on the gallant Grey, who won his victory by making one of the fastest races on record. As the better way to test the best race horse, I wish you would invite gentlemen who have fine horses, and all the theorists who can tell how many strides Grey Medoc makes in running Four miles, while sitting at their fire-sides, without knowing whether his leaps are 18 or 24 feet, to come to New Orleans and convince themselves. I will add 20 per cent. to every purse offered by me to be run for over the Louisiana Course, to any horse that wins a prize coming from east of Columbia, South Carolina, as far as New York."

It would really seem as if some of the "theorists" referred to had made up

their own minds, that the race of *Grey Medoc* was no great affair after all. They express themselves with a degree of complacency that is quite amusing. Now, in our humble judgment, the race should be considered a most extraordinary one, even if *Grey Medoc* and *Altorf* had merely carried a feather. At all events, if any one of these captious gentlemen is willing to back his opinion, the owners of *Grey Medoc* will be happy to bet him \$20,000 that no horse alive can run over the same Course, with the same weight, and beat his time.

HARKFORWARD, OWN BROTHER TO HARKAWAY.

Since our last publication intelligence from several sources reached us of the arrival of this fine colt at New Orleans, after a passage of unusual length and severity. It seems, however, that he is fast recovering, and as infinite care is paid to him since he was debarked on the plantation of his high-spirited owner (who is absent at the Virginia Springs), we have no doubt of his immediate and entire recovery. *Harkforward* is one of the highest bred colts ever imported into this country. His dam, *Fanny Dawson*, is also the dam of the renowned *Harkaway*, and of *Goneaway*, one of the favorites for the next Derby. She was bred in 1823 by Lord CREMORNE, and was got by *Nabocklish*, out of *Miss Tooley* (bred in 1808, by Mr. Boulthée), by *Teddy-the-Grinder*, out of *Miss Jane*, sister to *Hermione*, by the great *Sir Peter*, out of *Paulica*, by *Florizel*, etc. *Harkforward's* sire, *Economist*, was bred in 1825, by Mr. METCALFE; he was got by the celebrated *Whisker* (winner of the Derby in 1815, and own brother to *Whalebone*, *Web*, *Woful*, *Wire*, etc.), out of *Floranthe* by *Octavian* (who won the *St. Leger* and *Gascoigne Stakes* in 1810), grandam, *Caprice*, by *Anvil* (son of *King Herod*, his dam by *Feather*, a son of the *Godolphin Arabian*—*Feather's* dam by *Childers*)—great grandam, *Madcap*, by *Eclipse*—*Blank* (another son of the *Godolphin Arabian*)—*Blaze*, etc. It will be seen by the pedigree of *Harkforward's* sire, that he is connected, both by sire and dam, with the purest strain of running blood in Great Britain, combining five direct crosses of *Eclipse*; he also possesses five points of *King Herod*, five of *Blank*, two of *Highflyer*, and upwards of nine of the *Godolphin Arabian*, to whom he is closely allied. Judge PORTER, of Louisiana, who imported *Harkforward* at immense expense (he also offered \$7,000 for his dam), has placed the breeders of the South-west under infinite obligations by his liberality and spirit in securing the services of so fine a horse.

A friend in Louisiana, in whose judgment we have great and just confidence, after repeated examinations of *Harkforward*, thus describes him:—

"Now, as to the colt, I consider him the very finest animal I have ever seen; a thundering fine colt, fifteen hands high, nearly, and very long; his form is such that he must get over ground with great ease to himself. His head is very peculiar, being singularly prominent in the forehead, and very broad from that to the maxillary bone opposite to it. His muzzle is very fine, and his eye perfection, prominent, and clear as crystal; ear large, but blood-like, and neck the finest that can be imagined—shoulders sloping—fore-legs small, but strong—great length of body, and hind-legs of such a form as would set Mr. J. P.—raving. He must have immense speed, and from his blood and easy action will, I doubt not, be able to go the distance."

We see from the last number of "*Bell's Life in London*," that *Goneaway*, own brother to *Harkaway* and *Harkforward*, is among the favorites for the Derby of 1842. *Goneaway* is of course a 2 yr. old; *Harkforward* is a yearling.

GIL. PATRICK.

This celebrated Jockey left town lately for the West, via Washington City. Should Boston be engaged in any great affair this Fall, Gil. will return to ride him. He goes to Maysville, Lexington, and Louisville, so that his services will probably be employed by one of the parties in the great matches to come off at the Louisville October meeting, between Tennessee and Kentucky. Gil.'s personal weight is 110lbs. and a superior saddle weighing 2½lbs. has just been finished for him; as well as two complete jockey suits. The latter are superb, both in style, fabric and finish; one is of blue silk velvet throughout, with a cap to match, (Col. HAMPTON's colors); the other suit is made up of a red satin jacket, buff pants, and harlequin cap. The present is Gil. Patrick's first professional trip, and we trust our Western friends will make it a successful one. Gil. is, in all respects,

"cut the right way of the leather," and has the entire confidence of those who have employed him; the circumstance of his having for many years supported a widowed mother and family by his industry and uniformly good conduct, will not "set him back any" in the opinion of those gentlemen who desire to employ the first artist in his line, in the country. Without knowing what horse he is to ride in the match to come off, Gil.'s friends here will bet odds that *he* rides the winner!

THE TENNESSEE STABLES.

[From a Special Travelling Correspondent.]

The Nashville Races will commence on the 27th of September, and the Meeting promises to be of unusual interest. The proprietors have recently graded the Course, and put on several thousand loads of sand. They can now truly boast of one of the safest and best tracks in the Union. Other improvements are also in rapid progress, a neat and commodious Ladies' Pavilion is nearly completed.

Some time since I sent you a list of the stables in Alabama; I have visited a few stables in this vicinity, which I now send you.

First on the list is **CLAY & HARDING's**; they have

- Gamma, gr. m., 5 yrs., by Pacific, out of Melzare's dam.
- Beta, ch. f., 4 yrs., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Juliet.
- Flaxinella, gr. f., 4 yrs., by Imp. Autocrat, dam by Virginian.
- Blaylock, b. h., 6 yrs., by Bertrand, dam by Eclipse.
- Ch. f., 3 yrs., by Priam, out of Isabella, Picton's dam.
- B. c., 2 yrs., by Anvil, out of Harry Hill's dam.

CAGE & WILLIAMS, of Gallatin, have thirteen up, viz:—

- Ben Franklin, ch. c., 4 yrs., by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder.
- B. f., 3 yrs., by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder.
- B. c., 3 yrs., own brother to The Poney.
- Ch. f., 4 yrs., by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Clay's Sir William.
- B. c., 3 yrs., by Imp. Lapdog, dam by Clay's Sir William.
- Gr. c., 3 yrs., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Maria Williams' dam.
- B. f., 3 yrs., by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder.
- Ch. f., 3 yrs., by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Imp. Leviathan.
- Ch. c., 2 yrs., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Florestine.*
- B. c., 2 yrs., by The Saddler, out of Nanny Killam by Voltaire.
- Ch. f., 2 yrs., own sister to Ben Franklin.
- Ro. f., 2 yrs., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Maria Williams' dam.
- Gr. f., 2 yrs., by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet.

(* A large, promising colt, engaged in the Peyton Stake.)

Col. GRO. ELLIOTT has only two up:—

- Ch. f., 3 yrs., by Imp. Glencoe, out of Othello's sister.
- Ch. f., 4 yrs., by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy.

PARKER & HAMILTON, of Gallatin, (W. Mitchell, trainer,) has seven in training:

- Flight, ch. f., 4 yrs., by Imp. Leviathan—Charlotte Hamilton by Sir Charles.
- Wesley Malone, b. c., 3 yrs., Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Richard.
- Jake Stairns, b. c., 3 yrs., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Charlotte Hamilton's dam.
- Betsey Spears, br. f., 4 yrs., by Bertrand—Black Kitty Clover by Eclipse.
- Malvina, br. f., 3 yrs., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Proserpine by Tennessee Oscar.
- Doublehead, ch. f., 3 yrs., by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder.
- Ch. c., 3 yrs., own brother to Flight.

J. G. SHEGOG, of Nashville, has the following:—

- Jim Jackson, 5 yrs., out of Parasol by Tiger.
- Alexander, gr. c., 4 yrs., by Imp. Meriman, dam by Stockholder.
- B. f., 3 yrs., by Bertrand, out of Sally Nailor.
- Swissellette, 3 yrs., by Imp. Swiss, dam by Pacolet.

CHAS. LEWIS, of Gallatin, has—

- Emily Speed, ch. m., 5 yrs., by Imp. Leviathan.
- Maria Williams, ch. m., 5 yrs., by Imp. Leviathan.
- Nancy House, 4 yrs., by Imp. Leviathan.
- Ch. f., 3 yrs., by Imp. Leviathan.

Messrs. POLKS, of Maury County, have—

- Esther Wake, gr. f., 4 yrs., by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Stockholder.
- F., 3 yrs., by Imp. Glencoe.
- Mecklenburg, 4 yrs., by Imp. Meriman, out of Hugh L. White's dam.
- Ch. f., 3 yrs., by Imp. Leviathan.
- Sweetbrier (Imp.), 3 yrs., by Recovery.
- Dr. John, 3 yrs., by Imp. Glencoe.

(Also two or three 2 yr. olds, under the care of Wm. McClinchy, trainer.)

Maj. A. J. DAVIE, of Nashville, has four up:—

- Own brother to Telle Doe, 3 yrs.
- B. f., 3 yrs., by Imp. Swiss.
- Ch. f., 3 yrs., by Imp. Leviathan.
- F., 2 yrs., by Imp. Leviathan.

T. A. PANKEY, of Franklin, has a full stable, and there are several other stables in the neighborhood of Clarksville.

The Races at Gallatin will commence on Tuesday, the 14th Sept. The Club expired with the last Meeting, but they have again renewed it, and a new Course has been established, some three miles from town, on the farm of Maj. WYLLIE, the proprietor. The following gentlemen comprise the officers of the Club:—JESSE CAGE, Esq., Pres't; Isaac Franklin and Eli Odom, Esqrs., Vice-Pres'ts; Col. J. C. Guild, Sec'y; and Geo. A. Wyllie, Esq., Treas'r. The Clarksville Meeting commences on the 7th Sept.

VISIT TO MR. LIVINGSTON'S STUD.

Sir,—I had the pleasure recently to pass a day with that "fine old gentleman of the olden time," Mr. WALTER LIVINGSTON, at his seat on Staten Island. His residence is most delightfully situated, commanding a view of all the shipping arriving at, and leaving the harbor of New York. With the high lands of Jersey on the right, Coney Island on the left, the hills of Staten Island in the rear, and the ocean in front; I have rarely seen a country seat with greater advantages of position.

In the lot around the house were three yearlings by Imp. Trustee, and within sight their dams were grazing, with foals by the sides of two of them. These three brood mares, Miss Walton, Jemima, and Alice Grey, are so well known to your readers, that no history of their blood need be given. Miss Walton, as the dam of Goliah—Jemima, as the dam of Job, and Alice, as a racer, are greatly distinguished. In size, symmetry, and power, I have seen no brood mare that can compare with Alice, unless it be Col. J. H. COSTER's Gulnare. They are both greys, and magnificent specimens of the thorough-bred horse.

Three better colts, judging from form and size, than Jemima's last three, her two year old, yearling, and foal, it would be difficult to produce. The first two are by Imp. Trustee, the last by Imp. Felt. She is in excellent form, and most bloodlike in appearance. Miss Walton is smaller than either of her companions, and although twenty years old, looks not more than ten. She is also very bloodlike. These mares have not been covered this season, Mr. L. not fancying any stallion within his reach. Within a lot appropriated to him was the two year old by Trustee, out of Jemima, and it is to be regretted that an injury to a pastern of one of his hind legs may prevent his appearing on the Turf, for he looks like "nothing but a good 'un." After an hour or two devoted to the examination of this fine stock, we partook of our host's hospitality, when my friend and myself proved ourselves valiant trencher-men; and, to use a French phrase, "eat for four."

OBSERVER.

CONDITIONS OF THE

ANNUAL RACE FOR THE GOODWOOD CUP.

The GOODWOOD CUP, value 300 sovs., the rest in specie, by subscription of 20 sovs. each, with 100 added by the racing fund; three year olds 7st. 4lb., four 9st. 11lb., five 9st. 9lb., six and aged 9st. 12lb.; mares allowed 4lb., geldings 7lb.; horses, &c. got by Arabian, Turkish, or Persian stallions or out of Arabian, Turkish or Persian mares, allowed 18lb., both 36lb.; horses, &c. bred in America or upon the continent of Europe allowed 14lb.; horses having run at the York Spring, Liverpool Spring, Chester, Manchester, or Newton races, 1841, allowed 3lb.; ditto at Newcastle-on-Tyne, or Liverpool July Meeting, 1841, allowed 5lb.; and ditto in Scotland or Ireland in 1841, 7lb. deduction of weight from what they would otherwise have to carry; horses (those hereunder specified as carrying extra weight excepted) never having won £100, including their own stake, at any one time in 1841 previous to the day of starting, and not having been placed in the Derby or Oaks of 1841, allowed 5lb.; four year olds and upwards never having won or received as second horse £100, including their own stake, at any one time in 1840 or 1841 previous to the day of starting, and not having been placed in the Derby or St. Leger of 1840 (those hereunder specified as carrying extra weights excepted) allowed 10lb.; five year olds and upwards never having won or received as second horse £100, including their own stake, at any one time in 1839, 1840, or 1841, previous to the day of starting (those hereunder specified as carrying extra weight excepted) allowed 16lb.; maiden three year olds, not having been placed in the Derby or Oaks of 1841, allowed 8lb.; maiden four year olds, not having been

placed in the Derby or St. Leger, 1840 (those hereunder specified as carrying extra weight excepted) allowed 14lb.; maiden five yr. olds (those hereunder specified as carrying extra weight excepted) allowed 18lbs.; maiden six year olds (those hereunder specified as carrying extra weight excepted) allowed 28lb.; the second horse in any stake having received £100 including his own stake not to be considered maiden; the winner of the Gold Cup at Ascot in 1841 5lb., the second 2lb. extra; the winner of the Port in 1841 3lb. extra; the winner of the Ascot, Goodwood, or Doncaster Cups, or of the Derby or Doncaster St. Leger in 1840, 2lb. extra; the winner of the Derby in 1841 8lb. extra; the second 3lb. extra; the winner of the Oaks 1841 7lb. extra; the winner of the Drawing-room Stakes in 1841 5lb. extra; neither the allowances of weight for not winning, nor the penalties of extra weight for winning and running second are to be accumulative; the second horse to receive £100 out of the stakes: horses having won abroad not to be considered winners in this stake; Cup Course.

A Louisiana Sportsman.—The ardent enthusiasm with which Field Sports are almost universally regarded in Louisiana by the intelligent and spirited gentlemen of that State, forcibly characterizes the American portion of the population. A great majority of the planters are gentlemen of character and fortune, and their devotion to the chase is only paralleled by their hospitality. One of them, well known on the Turf, has recently ordered a steamboat built expressly for sporting expeditions to the remote rivers and lakes with which Louisiana and Mississippi abound, where the game being rarely disturbed is plentiful to a degree that can hardly be realized any where else. The boat is to be about seventy-five feet long, having permanent stable accommodations on deck for twelve horses, and also for two packs of hounds. She will be a curiosity when completed, and we hope at some future period to have the pleasure of "touching knees under mahogany," with her high spirited owner and his friends, in her spacious cabin. An expedition up the Sunflower river, with such a party as the *Nimrod* will carry, would add years to the existence of a "Frank Forester" or a "Cypress."

Sporting Expedition to the Rocky Mountains.—A large party having a distinguished ex-member of Congress at its head, propose making an expedition to the Rocky Mountains about the last of August, for the purpose of shooting Buffalo. When we left the South, the party were undetermined whether to proceed direct from St. Louis, or from some point in Texas; the latter route, we are told, is to be preferred, on very many accounts, and indeed the opportunities for a variety of sport, such as bringing down a Comanche Indian, for instance, far exceed those offered by the Missouri route. We are promised complete reports of the expedition, and,—if the parties live to return,—anticipate details of the utmost interest.

Fanny Wyatt.—In answer to J. K. E., of Fort Smith, Ark., we are requested to state by her late owner, Mr. EDWARD H. PENDLETON, of Baltimore, now in this city, that he sold the dark chesnut mare Fanny Wyatt, so well known on the Northern and Virginian Turf, to Mr. ROBERT FREER, of Halifax Co. N. C., her present owner. She has neither been sent to the South or West.

Moustache.—Mr. LIVINGSTON's fine 2 yr. old colt *Moustache*, by Imp. Trustee out of Miss Walton, the dam of Goliah, Dosoris, Zela and other winners of note, has just been sent over to LAIRD's stable in New Jersey, to be trained. Moustache is one of the most promising colts that Mr. L. has ever bred. He is a chesnut, has very fine size and is well put together. Several engagements have been made on him, which are important. He is matched to run mile heats, for \$1000 a side, play or pay, against a colt of Capt. STOCKTON's, over the Union or Beacon Course, and another for \$2000 a side, also mile heats, play or pay, versus Mr. LONG's Priam colt at Camden.

Priam going to Tennessee!—We learn by a letter from a gentleman at Nashville, that Priam is to make his next season near that city, where an interest in him of one-half "has been purchased at a high figure."

Judge Hunter, of Hayneville, has recently purchased of Mr. John Blevins his stallion *Wild Bill*. Price, \$3000.

Esper Sykes.—This fine imported colt, whose unfortunate career at the South-west has been heretofore spoken of, is turned out until next Spring. He has never started in condition, but has made a good race or two notwithstanding and at the longest distances. We shall be greatly mistaken if he does not yet confer credit upon his sire—Belshazzar—one of the finest of the imported stallions.

Cadmus.—This fine horse, (still owned by GERARD H. COSTER, Esq., of this city) who has been standing for several seasons in the West, it is proposed to train again this Fall. Cadmus had a remarkable turn of speed, and in good hands might astonish the natives. He is by Eclipse, out of Die Vernon by Florizel, and made the season just closed, at Bardstown, Ky., in the hands of F. G. Murphy and Co.

We regret to announce the death of WILLIS H. BODDIE, Esq., of Maury Co., Tenn., a most estimable citizen and one of the most devoted and high minded turfmen in that State. The loss of Mr. Jackson and Mr. Boddie will be seriously felt in Tennessee and Alabama.

Maj. JONES, of Long Island, has sent *Treasurer*, *Truxton*, and *Young Dove* to Mr. JOSEPH H. VAN MATER's stable in New Jersey, where they are to be trained by LLOYD for the ensuing campaign. *Emily Glentworth* and *Fleetfoot* are to be sent to the same stable in the course of a few days.

Capt. STOCKTON's Stable.—A gentleman from New Jersey informs us that Capt. S. has five horses in active training. This looks very little like declining the Turf. Capt. S. has been "using the knife" very freely this Spring, and several magnificent pairs of thorough-breds have been broken to harness, but he has a lot of promising young things coming forward.

Obituary.—Mr. JOHN W. KENNEDY, of Stanford, Ky., has been so unfortunate as to lose his filly *Elizabeth Anderson*, by inflammation of the lungs. She was by Medoc out of a Kosciusko mare, and has been regarded as one of the most promising yearlings in Kentucky.

Col. ELLIOTT, of Tallahassee, has recently lost an own sister to *Sarah Bladen* (by Imp. Leviathan, out of Morgiana, by Pacolet), 4 years old. She was killed by running against a tree. She was very promising, and the loss to her owner is consequently severe.

Names Claimed.—Lieut. CHARLES ST. GEORGE NOLAND claims the name of *Flirt* for a black filly, by Ivanhoe, out of a La Fayette mare, now 2 yrs. old. She is called after the sloop of war, *Flirt*, in which Mr. Noland recently returned from Florida.

JAMES LANKFORD, Esq., of Coffeetown, Ala., claims the name of *De Coucy* for a c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Multiflora by Conqueror—out of Grey Goose, John Bascombe's dam, dropped this Spring.

MACON, Ga., May 27, 1841.

Wm. T. Porter: Dear Sir,—Permit me to request that you will insert the names for the following young things:—

That of *Callebie*, for a ch. f., foaled 28th of March, by Imp. Skylark out of Autossee, by Eclipse—grandam by Virginian—g. g. dam by Imp. Knowsley—g. g. g. dam by Imp. Diomed—g. g. g. g. dam by Imp. Shark—g. g. g. g. g. dam by Imp. Medley—g. g. g. g. g. g. dam by Imp. Jolly Roger—g. g. g. g. g. g. g. dam by Tippo Saib, &c.

Autossee was selected by Col. WM. R. JOHNSON, of Virginia, for Col. E. HAMILTON, of this city,—is exceedingly fine, and as you will perceive, of rare blood. Her name is in honor of one of the battle-fields of the late Gen. FLOYD, of Georgia. *Callebie* being another no less famous spot, in the same campaign, I claim it for her produce,—this splendid filly by Imp. Skylark.

That of *Lucy Dashwood* for a ch. f., foaled 29th March, by Reindeer out of Nettle by Wilhair, (full sister to Virago, the dam of Cusseta Chief) &c., &c. See June No. of Turf Register, 1840. This is the name of the heroine of "Charles O'Malley."

That of *Delia Erwin* for a ch. f., foaled 2d of Feb., by Reindeer, out of Mary Williamson by Lawrence, &c., &c. See the June No. of Turf Register, 1840.

Respectfully,

JOHN LAMAR.